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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS :- CASH IN ADVANCE. copy, one year, it many gired himser on the

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tion, at we made in notes of any solvent matering papers.

Emergrances may be made in notes of any solvent Bank, but we prefer U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern memory. Gold (well accured in the letter) and one or shou cast package clamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts temps, are always acceptable. For al ver 85 we prefer drafts on any of the Es

DEACON & PETERSON, Publish No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

SEMI-INDIFFERENT.

FOR THE SATURDAT BYENING POST BY AUGUST BELL.

Well I know you do not love me, Yot the bird sings just as sweet In the apple boughs above me; And the violets at my feet Just as surely Smile, and purely, Though the magic spell once thrown By your tenderness is flown.

Did you think, I sometimes wonder, That June day when first we met, How your hand would weave and sunder cams for me with no regret For the weary

Years, and dreary, That henceforth might be the fide Of my heart made descints. Ah! to-night, if you could see me

You would own me queenly cold,-Me, the simple child and dreamy, Who for hero once did hold In her fancy's Sweet rome

You, oh, lost one? night and day Trustful dreamed and loved alway. I have changed. Ah! drear transition! And I face the world to-night,

Cold and calm as fits suspicion, With my whole heart out of sight. God forgive me! It doth grieve me That my great sweet dreams are flown, And I, trustless, stand alone.

"Of all love a deathless ember Somewhere in the soul doth lie;" This you said, do you remember? When I saked if love could die. That June gloaming

We went roaming All along the water-side, While the sad wind wooed the tide. Though all sit in judgment o'er me, Since my heart in fact is stone, Yet if you should die before me,

And if you should die alone, I would linger, With soft finger Last to close those eyes, and so

For your sake heart-broken go! Yet I know you do not love me, And the bird sings just as sweet In the apple boughs above me;

And the violets at my feet Smile, and purely, Since with calm cold strength I stand. With my fate in my own hand.

SOUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE, "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Descon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A WALK BY STARLIGHT.

A harvest home used to be a great fete in farm houses, chiefly, as you are aware, for its servants and laborers. It is so in some houses still. A rustic, homely, social gather ing, where there's plenty, in a plain way, to eat and drink, and where the masters and mistresses and their guests enjoy themselves at freely as their dependents.



UNION TROOPS MARCHING BACK INTO FALMOUTH AFTER THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The above, engraved expressly for THE Post from "Frank Leslie's Paper," represents the return of the Union troops to their old quarters. It is stated that Gen. Hooker considers the recent movement, while a failure in some respects, to have been a severe blow to the enemy.

large entrance-room where you have seen.
Nors sitting semetimes, and which aeros
was used for kitchen purposes, was set out
with a long table as for dinner. Cold beef and ham, substantial and savory meat pies, fruit pies, cakes, chosse, and plenty of ale and cider, were being placed on it. Seats, mostly benches, lined the walls, and the rustic laborers were coming sheepishly in. Some of them had the privilege of bringing their wives, who came in a vast deal less sheepishly than the men.

Nanny was in full attire, a new green stuff gown and white apron; Molly from the parsonage was flaunting in a round cap, as the fashionable servants wore in Barmes ter, with red streamers hanging behind it; Ann Canham had a new plaid Scotch kerchief, white and purple, crossed on her shoulders, and Jim Sanders's mother, being rather poorly off for smart caps, wore a bon-net. These four were to do the waiting; and Nora was giving over them all the superintending eye of a mistress. George Ryle liked to make his harvest homes thoroughly liberal and comfortable, and Mrs. Ryle seconded it; she was of the openhanded nature of the Trevlyns.

I wonder what Mrs. Ryle would have done, but for Nora Dickson! She really took ement in the house than visitor would take. Her will, it is true, was law; she gave ber orders, often in minute details; but she left the execution of them to others. Though she had married Thomas Ryle, the plan tenant of Trevlyn Farm, she never forgot that she was the daughter of Trevlyn Hold.

She sat in the small room opening from the supper-room—small in comparison with the drawing-room, but still commodious. On the harvest home night, the visitors-Mrs. Ryle's visitors-were received in that ordinary room and sat there, forming, as may be said, part of the supper-room company, for the door was kept wide open, and the great people went in and out of it, mixing with the small. George Ryle and the parson, Mr. Freeman, would be more in the supper-room than in the other; they were two who liked to see the hard-working happy now and then.

Mrs. Ryle had taken up her place in the sitting room; her gown of rich black silk and her real lace cap contrasting with the more showy attire of Mrs. Apperley, who sat next her. Mrs. Apperley was in a stiff brocade, yellow satin stripes flanking wavy lines of flowers. It had been her gala robe for years and years, and looked new yet. A derfully handsome silk, had it not been out of date. Mrs. Apperley's two daughters, in cherry-colored ribbons and cherrycolored hair nets, were as gay as she was; they were whispering to Caroline Ryle, a graceful girl, in dark blue silk, with the blue Trevlyn Farm was lighted up and revel- eyes and the fair hair of her dead father.

ling in one to-night. The best kitchen, that I farmer Apperley, in top boots, was holding lies. "I don't know whether Rupert will an argument on the state of the country country country country was used for kitchen purposes, was set out on the arm of the old-fashioned red ceft, a most Apperley, his long intimacy with the young man of middle height and dark hair, and ham substantial and severy meat ples. "I'm one of middle height and dark hair, and ham substantial and severy meat ples." I was Treety Park. The best kitchen Rupert will girls at home. I know they country country country country country. "The best kitchen, that have a saked."

"I'm sure I don't think Orio was saked." stout for his years. It was Trevlyn Ryle. George had his back against the wall and was laughingly quizzing the Miss Apperleys, of which they were blushingly conscious. Were you to believe Nora, there was scarcely a young lady within the circuit of a couple of leagues but was privately setting her cap girls."
at handsome George.

A bustle in the outer room, and Nanny appeared with an announcement: "Parson and Mrs. Freeman." I am not responsible for the style of the introduction; you may hear such for yourselves if you choose to penetrate to some of our rural districts.

Parson and Mrs. Freeman came in without ceremony; the parson with his hat and walking-stick, Mrs. Freeman in a green callco wadded bood and an old cloak. George, with laughing gallantry, helped her to take them off, and handed them to Nanny, and Mrs. Freeman went up to the pier-glass and settled the white bows in her cap to greater effect.

"But I thought you were to have brought your friend?" said Mrs. Ryle.

"He will come in presently," replied the guarded to conceal his disappointment. parson. "A letter arrived for him by this evening's post, and he wished to answer it." Farmer Apperley turned from his colloquy with Trevlyn.

D'ye mean that droll-looking man who walks about with a red umbrella and a goat's beard, parson?"

"The same," said Mr. Freeman, scitling his double chin more comfortably in his cravat, which was white this evening. "He has been staying with us for a week past."

"Ay. Some foreign folk, isn't be, named Daw ? There's all sorts of tales abroad in the neighborhood, as to what he is stopping for down here. Pdon't know whether they be correct."

"I don't know much about it myself. either," said Mr. Freeman. "I am glad to entertain him as an old friend, but for any private affairs or views of his, I don't medile with them."

"Best plan," nodded the farmer in approval. And the subject, thus indistinctly hinted at, was allowed to drop, owing prob ably to the presence of Mrs. Ryle.

"The Chattaways are coming here tonight," suddenly exclaimed Caroline Ryle. She spoke only to Mary Apperley, but there was a pause in the general conversation just then, and the remark was audible to the room. Mr. Apperley took it up.

"Who's coming? The Chattaways Which of the Chattaway?" he said in some surprise, knowing that they had never been in the habit of paying evening visits to Trevlyn Farm.

" All the girls, and Maude," replied Caro-

vite them ?"

"In point of fact, they invited them-selves," interposed Mrs. Ryle, before George, to whom the question had been addressed, could speak. "At least, Octave did; and then George I believe asked the rest of the

"They wou't come," said Farmer Apper-

ley. "If they do, I'll eat my head."
"Not come !" interrupted Nora, sharply,
who kept going in and out between the two rooms like a dog in a fair. "That's all you know about it, Mr. Apperley. Octave Chattaway is as sure to come here to-night-" " Nors !"

The interruption came from George. Was he atraid of what she might say in her heat? or did he see, coming in then at the outer door, Octave herself? Octave was coming in-as if to refute the opinion of Mr. | the day, as she always did.

Apperley. But only Amelia was with her. A tall girl with a large mouth and very light hair, ever on the giggle. "Where are the rest?" impulsively asked George, his accent too un-

Octave detected it. She had thrown off her cloak and stood forth in attire scarcely suitable to the occasion-a pale blue evening dress of damask, a silver necklace, silver bracelets, and a wreath of silver flowers in her hair. Nanny could not take the cloak

for staring.
"What 'rest?" asked Octave. "Your alsters and Maude. They pro-

mised to come." Octave tossed her head, good-humoredly, " Do you think we could inflict the whole string on Mrs. Ryle? Two of us will be

sufficient to represent the family." "Inflict! On a harvest home night!" called out Trevlyn. "You know, Octave, the more the merrier, then."

"Why, I believe that's Treve?" exclaimed " When did you come?" Octave.

"This morning. You have got thinner, Octave. "It's nothing to you, if I have;" retorted

Octave, angered out of the remark. The point was a sore one; Octave being uncleasantly conscious that she was thin to ugliness. " You have got fat enough, at any-

"To be sure," said Treve. "I'm always jolly. It was too bad of you, Octave, not think what makes them so late." to bring the rest!'

dressed for it, and at the last moment Octave made them stay at home. Edith and Emily will be blessing her all night."

George had gone to the back of Mrs. Ryle's chair, and was leaning over it, speaking with her privately. "It's a shame of Octave to have left those

"So it was," said Amelia. "They had

"I'm sure I don't mind, George, But he "I'll not be long. I shall tell them I am

"Very well. As you please."

Lingering a short while longer, talking around him in both rooms to one and to another, George took his departure imper-ceptibly. Once outside, he made the best of his way to Trevlyn Hold. But the rooms seemed deserted. At length he found Maude in the school-room; ostensibly correcting

exercises; in reality, crying. "Maude, what is it?"

Maude was unwilling to tell, and was quite ashamed to be caught grieving. George had to draw it from her piecemeal. Emily and Edith had dressed themselves to go to the Farm, and Octave had put her veto upon the visit, after which had ensued a most unpleasant scene of recrimination be tween the sisters. But Octave had carried

"And you?" cried George. " Did you not intend to come ?"

"Would Octave be likely to allow me to go, when she forbid her sisters ?"

"She ordered you to remain at home also, I suppose, Maude?"

"Yes. She is peremptory, you know." "And you were grieving for it?"

"Not for that," returned Maude, blushing extensively. "It was about Rupert. Octave forbid him also, and he did not take the interference kindly, and there were more words between them. It ended in Rupert's going into a fit of passion, and rushing from the house. No one can rebei against Octave."

"Well, I have come to fetch you all," said George. "I come from my mother. So get your things on. Where are Emily and

"They are in bed. They cannot go."

"In bed!" "They were vexed and angry, and eried great deal; and it ended in their going up to bed in-if I must confess it-in a temper. They are asleep by this time."

" Well, this is a pretty state of affairs at-Trevlyn Hold!" cried George. " Where was Miss Diana?"

"Ah, there lay the chief grievance-that she was not at home to be appealed to. She and madam went to Barmester this afterpoon, and have not returned. I cannot

" Maude, dear, I can't wait. I have left Put your things on."

Maude's heart beat with anticipation. She looked down on her pretty dress-a very simple one, not a gay decolletee affair like Octave's, so absurd for the occasion-and she shyly glanced up at George.

" I see you had dressed to come."

"I am itheid of Octore. I know she will be so engry. Whe: if she should meet me with inculting weak."

rith inculting work!"
"Then—Man's—you will give me leave

"Yes. Oh, yes."
"It will involve more than you are this

"It will involve more than you are thint ing of," said George, loughing at her eagutions. "I must tell her, if modiful, that have a right to defend you."

Mande stopped in her earprise, and he drow her erm from his, as she looked up a him in the startight. The pointed most ing in his tone stirred all the pulses in he

"You cannot have mistaken me, Mi for this long while past," he quietly said.
"If I have not speken to you more speakly;
if I do not yet speak out to the world, it is that I see at present little prospect he I would prefer not to speak to other that shall be more assured." Mande, in spite of the intense for

happiness which was rising robel within her with a force not to be supp

seit half sick with four. What of the at Treviya Hold?

"Tes, there might be opposition there," aid George, and the result—great unpleasantsess altogether. I am independent enough to dely them, but you are not, Mande. For that resear I will not speak it I can help it. I hope Dunne will not to comply recorded as a formation of the second of the second

greatly provoke ma." . Maude started, as a thought flashed over her, and she looked up at George, a terrified eaning in her face.

"You must not speak, George; you must not for my sake. Were Octave only to suspect this, she-she-"

"Might treat you to a bowl of poison—as was the stage fashion in what they call the good old days," he said, laughing. "Child, do you think I have been blind? I under-

" You will be silent, then ?"

"Yes," he answered, after a pause of de-liberation. "I will at present, Maude." They had taken the walk through the

felds—it was the nearest way—and George spoke of his affairs as he walked; more conidentially than he had ever in his life entered upon them to any one. That he had been in a manner sacrificed to the interests of Treve, there was no denying, and though he did not allude to it in so many words, it was impossible to ignore the fact entirely to Maude. A short while, one more term to keep at Oxford, and Treve was to enter officially upon his occupation of Trevlyn his name; he would be its sole master; and George must look out for another home; but until then he was bound to the farmand bound most unprofitably. To the young, however, all things wear a hopeful hue. What would some of us give in after life for the couleur de rose which nearly invariably imbues its threshold!

"By the spring I may be settled in a farm of my own, Maude. I have been casting a longing eye to the Upland. Its lease will be out at Lady-day, and Carteret leaves it. An un wise man, in my opinion, he; to leave a certainty of competence here, for an uncer-tainty of riches in the New World. But that is his business; not mine. I should like the Upland Farm."

Maude's breath was nearly taken away. It was the only large farm on the Trevlyn

"You surely would not risk taking that, George! What an undertaking!"

" Especially with Chattaway for a landlord, you would say. I shall take it if I can get it. The worst is, I should have to borrow money," he added, in a very serious tone. "And borrowed money weighs one down like an incubus. Witness what it did my company, you know, great and small. for my father. But I dare say we should manage to get along."

Maude opened her lips. She was wishing to say something that she did not quite well know how to my.

"I-I fear-" and there she stopped in timidity.

"What do you fear, Maude ?"

of for some time new?"

iving a shelter to Re

eart learned at the vision. "Ob

es;" Georg only have laughed at that; but be of other walking and talking be on with each other—or, if not in our see, speaking as if their opinious did no issly coincide: and to George's intens at, he recogn Mr. Chattaway's. He uttered a sup-

"It cannot be, George," she whisp "He is miles and miles away. Even allow-ing that he had returned, what should bring him here!—he would have gone direct to the Hold."

But George was positive that it was Cha away's voice. They the people to who d would probably be coming through the ts, right in front of George and Maude. et Chattaway was not particularly reted by either of them, even at the most exemient of opportunities, and at the pre-mt time it was not at all convenient. George drew Mande under one of the great sim trees, which overshadowed the hedge on

"Just for a moment, Mande, until they hall have passed. I am certain it is Chat

The gate swung open, and somebody came hrough it. Only one. Sure enough it was hattaway. He strode enwards, muttering seelf, a brown paper parcel in his ha But ere he had gone many steps he halted, turned, and came creeping back, and stood peering over the gate at the man who had ed back the way they had come. A little movement of his head to the right, and Mr. Chitaway might have seen George and ent of his head to the right, and Maude standing there.

But he did not. He was grinding his teeth and working his disengaged hand, and altogether too much occupied with the departing man, to pay undesirable attention to what might be around himself. Finally, his display of anger somewhat cooling down, he turned and continued his way towards Trevlyn Hold

"Who can it be that he is so angry with,

whispered Maude.
"Hush!" cautioned George. "His ea

wery will they remained until he was at safe distance, and then they went through the gate. Almost beyond their view a tall was pacing slowly along in the direc tion of Treviyn Farm, a red umbrella (but in truth George guessed at its color in the light night rather than distinguished it) whirling round and round in his hand.

"Ab, just se I thought," was George'

mment to himself "Who is it, George !"

"That stranger who is visiting at the parsonage, I think. He must be going to the Farm. We will let him get in first, Mande." "He seemed to be quarrelling with Mr.

"I don't know. Their voices were loud. I wonder if Rupert has found his way to the

Farm ?"
"Octave forbade him to go."

"Were I Ru I should break through her s, at any rate, and show myself a man," remarked George. "He may have done so to-night."

They turned in at the garden gate, and gained the porch. All signs of the stranger had disappeared, and sounds of merriment came forth from within. One of the supper pany (but that meal was not over yet) had ed into attempting a song, and the

rest were joining in the chorus.
George turned Mande's face to his. will not forget, my love?"

"Forget what?" she shyly answered.
"That from this night we begin a ner A. Henceforth we belong to each other de, Mande! you will not forget!" he

"I shall not forget," she softly whisp And, possibly by way of a reminder that a should not forget, Mr. George, under over of the shaded and silent porch, took his first lover's kiss from her lips.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WALL AS DECADES, CONTACHE

But where had Mr. Chattaway be

Ryle and round of shiple when he was allso away? The explain-

When he into the most simple plant. to Miss Diana Trevlyn to the effect ed that his lourney rad to catch Flood at his hotel, get a er of an hour's converse ar his advice, and be home again. But a

Upon arriving at the London termin Mr. Chattaway got into a cab and drove to the hotel ordinarily used by Mr. Flooddriver-and Mr. Chattaway was one who rally did have disputes with cab-re—he entered the hotel, and asked to see Mr. Flood.

"Mr. Flood !-- Mr. Flood !" repeated the walter whom he had accosted. "There's no man of that name staying here, sir." "I mean Mr. Flood of Barmester," irrit

bly rejoined the master of Trevlyn Hold Perhaps you don't know him personally.

know Mr. Flood personally. He went to another waiter, and the latter came forward to Mr. Chattaway. But the man's informa tion was correct: Mr. Flood of Barn

had not arrived.

"He travelled by the eight o'clock train related Mr. Chattaway, as if he found the esial difficult to be recognized with that ct. "He must be in London."

"All I can say, sir, is that he has ore," returned the head waiter. But he always uses this house

"Yes; always, sir, when he comes for any stay. I have known him run up to town for a few hours only; in which case he has

"But they told me this morning be had ome up for a week."

"Then I dare say he'll be here by-and-by," sturned the walter. "He may have bust esa to transact first, sir."

It appeared to be a feasible conclusion, but Mr. Chattaway was considerably put out. In his impatience the delay seemed most irritating. He quitted the hotel, and ben his steps along Fleet Street towards Essex Street, where the agents of Mr. Flood lived Chattaway went in eagerly; fully hoping, sequently expecting, that the first object his eyes rested on would be his confi ential advisor.

His eyes did not receive that satisfaction some clerks were in the room, also one or two people who appeared to be strangers; clients, probably: but there was no Mr Flood, and the clerks could give no infornation of him. One of the firm, a Mr. New by, appeared and shook hands with Mr. Ctrattaway, whom he had once or twice

"Flood? Yes. We got a note from Flood yesterday morning, telling us to get some accounts prepared, as he should be in town in the course of a day or two. He has not come yet; be up to-morrow, perhaps."

"But be has come," reiterated Chattaway I have followed him up to town. I want see him upon a matter of importance."

"Oh, come, has he?" carelessly replie Mr. Newby, and the indifference of manpe ppcared almost like an insult to Chattaway n that gentleman's impatient frame of mind He'll be in later, then.'

"He is sure to come here?" inquired Mr Chattaway.

"Quite sura. We shall have a good bit of business to transact with him this time."

I must see him, and I want to get back to Barbrook as soon as possible."

Mr. Chattaway was told that he was welcome to wait if it pleased him so to do, and a chair was handed him in the entrance room where the clerks were writing, and he took his seat in it. He sat there until he was well sigh driven wild with impatience. The room was in a continual buttle; persons coming in and going out perpetually. For the first hour or so, the watching of the swaying door afforded Chattaway a sort of relief-of hope; for in every fresh visitor (until he came into view) he expected to see Mr. Plood. But this grew tedious at last, and the ever-recurring disappointment told upon his temper.

Evening came, the hour for the closing of the office, and the country lawyer had not

made his appearance. "It is most extrao dinary!" remarked Chattaway to Mr. N.ewby.

"He has been ab our some other busine and couldn't get ! , us to-day, I suppose," rejoined Mr. New ty in the most provoking matter of fact some, "If he has come up for a week, as y ou say, he must have some im portant of air on hand; in which case it may be a day or two before he finds his way to

A most unsatisfactory conclusion for Mr. Aattaway; but that gentleman was obliged to put up with it, in the absence of any hope more tangible. He went back to the hotel, and there found that Mr. Plood as yet was among the non-arrivals.

the lawyer. All to so ed reply that Mr. Flood was in London redoubled his hauntings at the differ off into a fever

It appeared to him absoluted that he should consult Flood be ing back to home quarters, where he sh inevitably meet that dangerous enemy. But ow could he meet him !-where look Barmester telegraphed up that Mr. Flood was in London; the agents per urly, each day, at their office: and laway could not come upon him. tore into all the courts open in the long va ation; he prowled about the Temp Lincoln's Inn, in other places where lawyers congregated, in the delusive hope that he might by good luck meet with him. All, I my, in vain; and Chattaway had early a week from home when his rere at length realized. There were Newby himself, for instance—but he mk from laying bare his great dread to a

He s walking slowly up Ludgate Hill his hands in his pocket, his brow knit, alto ed to turn his eyes on the ming up and d that same moment a cab, extricating it from the continuous line, whirled past i in the direction of Floot Street, and its mais was Flood the lawyer,

nded, his eyes starting, Chalinway threw self into the midst of the crowding car riages, and tore after the cab sh crying. The sober foot pa he had gone mad, but they were be their own eager business, and had only time for a wondering glance. The drivers of omnibuses, of other vehicles, pulled up to be stow a little abuse on the intruder who appeared to wish to be run over: but Chattaway bore on his way, and succeeded in keeping the cab in view. By the time it opped at the hotel, to which it turned, as the lawyer had alighted, a portmante his hand, and was paying the driver, Chatte way was up with him, panting, breathles excited, grasping his arm as one demanted

"What on earth's the matter?" exclain ed Mr. Flood in astonishment. "You her Chattaway! Do you want she?"

"I followed you to town by the next rain; I have been looking after you ever since, gasped Chattaway, unable to regain between the race and his excite ment. "Where have you been hiding your self? Your agents have been expecting you all this while."

"I dare say they have. I wrote to say should be with them in a day or two. I thought I should be, then,"

"But where have you been?"

"Over to France. A client wrote to m from Paris-"

"To France!" interrupted Mr. Chattaway in his anger, feeling the announces an especial aggravation to himself. right had his legal adviser to be dancing his beels in France when he had been search ing for him in London?

"I did not intend to stay," continued Mr Flood. "I took the express train route, ri Polkestone, and meant to return without delay; but when I reached my client, I found the affair on which he wanted me was a complicated one, and I had to wait the

"You have been lingering over the seduc tions of Paris; for nothing else," growled Mr. Chattaway.

The lawyer laughed pleasantly

" No, on my honor. I did go about to see me of the sights while I was waiting for my business; but they did not detain is by one unnecessary minute. What is it that you want with me !"

They entered the hotel, and Mr. Chatta way took him into a private room, unwashed, unrefreshed as the traveller was, and laid the case before him; the sudder appearance of the mysterious stranger at Barbrook, his open arowal that he has come to depose Chattaway from the Hold, and place in it Rupert Trevlyn.

"But who is he?" inquired Mr. Flood. "A lawyer," was the reply-for you mu remember that Mr. Chattaway could only speak in accordance with the presumed fac he facts as they had been exaggerated to him. "I know nothing more about the man save that he avows he has come to Bar brook to deprive me of my property, and take up the cause of Rupert Trevlyn. But he can't do it, you know, Flood. The Hold is mine, and most remain mine."

"Of course he can't," acquiesced the lawyer. "Way need you put yourself out about it ?"

Mr. Chattaway was wiping the moisture from his face. The words, But he can't do it, you know, Fidod, had been spoken more as a question suggested by his fears, into Chattaway's dusky face.

to the lawyer's teen to on earth, so far as his belief a went, could wrest Treviya Hold from ther. Why, then, these fe Were they born of nervous laway was not a nervous man.

uching the one at his elbowed. "It came to you by legal bequest; you have enjoyed it these nty years, and to deprive you of it is beyond human power. Unless," he added after a pause, "unless, indeed-

"Unless what?" eagerly interrupted Mr. Chattaway, his heart thumping against his side like a leaden weight.

"Unless—it was only an idea that cros me—there should prove to be a flaw in Squire Trevlyn's will. But that's not pro-

"It's impossible," gasped Chattaway, his fears, in defiance of the words, taking a new and startling turn. "It's impossible that there could have been anything defective in the will. Flood."

"It's next door to impossible," acqu the lawyer; "though such mistakes have been known. Who drew it up?"

"The squire's solicitors, Paterby

"Then it's all right, you may be sur Peterby and Jones are not men liable to in sert errors in their deeds. I should not trou ble myself about the matter."

Mr. Chattaway sat in silence, revolving nany things. "What made you think there might

flaw in the will?" he presently asked.
"Nay, I did not think there was; train of thought led me to the idea that ed to me for consideration," oo Mr. Plood, "it is my habit to seize upon and rapidly glance at it in all its be You tell me that a stranger has made his pearance at Barbrook, avowing an inte tion of displacing you from Trevlyn Hold in favor of Rupert Trevlyn.'

" Well ?" "Well, then, I instantly, while you were peaking, began to grasp that case, to turn it no possible contingency by which you can e displaced, so far as I know and believe You enjoy it in accordance with Squir Trevlyn's will, and so long as that will re mains in force, you are safe-provided the will has no flaw in it."

"Why should you think it has a flaw in it?" reiterated Mr. Chattaway.

"I don't think it. I don't fear it. I only nention it as the remotest possible solution the only ground of pretence for the man per in which you tell me this man is acting I make no doubt that the will is what it has always been supposed to be-perfectly le gal; and that the stranger's expressed in tention will turn out to be all moonshine.

Mr. Chattaway sat biting his lips. His own opinion had always been (and it may be said was in contradistinction to that great dread ever hidden in his heart) that he was safe under the will and through the will. Never for a moment in the wildest flight of fear had he given a glance to the contingency that the will could be illegal—that is could have a flaw in it. On that will he had relied, however dark and vague his fears had seemed; it had been his sheet anchor. The idea, therefore, now suggested by Mr. Flood was perhaps the most alarming that could have been presented to him.

"If there were any flaw in the will," h began-and the very mention of the cruel words almost rent his heart in two-"could you detect it, by reading the will over?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Flood. "Then let us go at once, and set this aw ful uncertainty at rest."

"He had risen from his seat so eagerly and hastily that Mr. Flood scarcely understood.

"Go where?" he asked.

"To Doctors' Commons. We can see it there by paying a shilling." "Oh-ay, I'll go, if you like. But I must

get a wash first, and a mouthful of refreshment. I have had nothing since leaving Boulogne, and the crossing-ugh! I don't want to think of it."

Mr. Chattaway controlled his impatience in the best manner he was able. . He went out and called a cab to the door, and took his place in it long before Mr. Plood was ready--which would, in all probability, entail one of Mr. Chattaway's favorite dis putes with the driver when they should arrive at their destination. At length they were fairly on their way-to the very spot for which Mr. Chattaway had been making once before that morning.

Difficulties surmounted, including the cabman, Mr. Flood was soon deep in the perusal of Squire Trevlyn's will. He read it over alowly and thoughtfully, his forefinger pointing to every word separately, his eyes and head bent, his whole attention absorbe in the task. At its conclusion, he turned and looked full at Mr. Chattaway.

"You are perfectly safe," he said. "The will is right and legal in every point." The relief of the words brought a glow

"It is only the The will ap and leaves the estate to the old pert, and failing him, to Joseph. Ru fied; Joe died; and then the codicil was rawn up, willing it to you. You come is you see, after the two sons; no m

tever is made of the child Rupert." Chattaway coughed. He did not deem it accessry to repeat that Squire Trevlya had. never known that the child Rupert was in exstence; but Mr. Flood was, no doubt, aware of that fact.

"It's a good thing for you that Joe Trev lyn died before his father," carelessly re marked Mr. Flood, as he glanced again at the will.

Why !" cried Chattaway. "Because, had he not, this codicil would be valueless," explained the lawyer. "It

"But he was dead, and it gives the est

to me," flercely interrupted Chattaway, going into a white heat again. "Yes, yes. But it was a good thing, say, for you. Had Joe been alive, he would

have come in, I see, in spite of this; and he could have bequesthed the property to his "Do you suppose I don't know all that? setorted Chattaway. "It was only in conse nence of Joe Trevlyn's death that the estat was willed to me. Had he lived, I neve

should have had it, or expected it." The pegvish tone of his voice betray her, and Mr. how sore was the subject altogether, and Mr Flood smiled. "You need not be cross over it, Chattaway," he said; "there's no cause And now you may go home to the Hold in rithout having your sleep disturbed ms of ejection. And if that unknown riend of yours, the stranger, should happen to mention in your hearing his kind inten-tion of deposing you for Rupert Trevlys tell him, with my compliments, to come up here and read over Squire Trevlyn's will.

Partially reasoured, if not entirely satisfied Mr. Chattaway lost little time in taking his ieparture from London. He quitted it that ame afternoon, and arrived at Barbrook erminus just after dark, whence he started or the Hold

But he did not proceed to it as most other ravellers in his rank in life would have lone. He did not call a fly and drive to it; ne preferred to go on foot. He did not ever walk along the broad highway, but turned nto the by-paths, where he might be pretty sure of not meeting a soul, and stole can tiously along, peering on all sides of him, as if he were looking out for something he either longed or dreaded to see.

(TO BE CONTINUED

SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1863.

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While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to Tun Posr at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have aiready made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribe who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

DIO LEWNACY.

It is a pity that the "reformers" of the United States, and especially of New England, cannot learn the meaning of that very important word, Moderation. To them Truth always seems to lie in extremes. They keep their eye not only "single," but also stationary, so that they may not be able to contemplate great questions from more than one favorite point of view.

Thus one "reformer," horrified at the evils which result from too great a consumption of animal food, denounces in the strong-

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ple are.

Dr. Dio Lewis, who recently o lecture in this city, appears to be to run the usual course of New E formers. His peculiar hobbies are Ye if he would only ride these in m he might do all good and no he career. But in his energetic pursuit air he appears to forget altogether the gers of cold drafts and noxious his worship of the sun, he would can all our shade trees, and teer away all or window blinds; and in his advocacy of Light Gymnastics would ignore all benefit that thousands have received from the usual round of gymnastic exercis

Now that Pure Air is a good thing, we few know better than ourselves. For years we have had our attention att to the subject, and have experiment iderably upon it. But our conch those of Dr. Die Lewis. ave not the least doubt that it is often be o endure impure air—that of a rails than to throw up the w on a cold, raw day, and expose y danger of taking a severe cold, from which you may never fully recover. Of co where you can have pure air without the danger of taking cold, you would be foolist not to have it-but the dangers which as apt to result from a half hour's breathing of impure air, for instance, are as noth pared to the dangers which may ensue free pared to the usagers the blowing of a draft of cold air upon you

Sleeping in a room with "the win pened near the bed," as Dr. Lewis recon mends, would be a very dangerous exper ment indeed for very many people. know a gentleman possessing an unus well developed chest, who once threw his self down upon the parlor sofa. Unknown to him the window-sash was open behind the blinds, the sofa being foolishly placed unds the window. He fell asleep—the wind charged during his aleep, and blew in, cold as The consec that though one of the last men to far consumption, his lungs were so affected that he had to leave his business, and devote year to the single object of regaining his health. And this was in the day-time, not the

Now when we consider how liable ! climate of this country is to change how we may go to bed scarcely able to bear s sheet upon us, and waken up to find a ten perature like that of the mountain-teps to advise people, and even those who are delicate, to go to aleep with the wind blowing freely upon them, seems to us just a little short of madness.

The true plan of ventilating bed-rooms,

to ventilate them in such a manner the drafts will be, as far as possible, avoided For ourselves, we have never found any better plan than the open fireplace and chimney flue, with an additional openia made into the flue near the ceiling of the room. If this does not afford sufficient free air, close your outside venetian shutter and then open your window, thus breaking the draft of air against the fully or partially closed slats of the shutter. If you have as venetian shutters, interpose s break the draft of the air-and if you are sound aleeper, open your window only far as is absolutely necessary for the vest lation of the room, bearing in mind the probabilities of a change of weather. Remes ber that you may die of an overdose of over Pure Air about as certainly, if not # easily, as from an overdose of Pure Waiss. And remember further, that the Night Air, especially in certain districts, and at certain periods of the year, in spite of all that Dr. Lewis says, is more impure and dangeros than the tempered atmosphere of the house For it would appear that even in the process of passing into a house through narrow openings, an impure and moist air part with no small degree of its dangerous qualties, somewhat as it does in passing through

But we pass on to Doctor Lewis's views of sunshine. Sunshine, no doubt, is an escellent thing-but the numerous cases every summer of sun-stroke, prove very clearly that even the sunshine must be taken ! moderation. The same great Power which made the sun, made the trees-and who and where the sun is the hottest, the leave are the thickest. A man as naturally seek the shady side of the street in a hot, mer day, as an animal does the shade of the woods, and of the trees in the fields. think it probable that Dr. Lewis walks the summer on the shady-side himse though if he does not, we can better account for some of his theories. And must the ir stinct of almost all animated nature ne

tempt. machine. he exclai you, you E " my man weethear young la

sething? We have seen house in the country entirely destitute of shade, but ye' never observed that the inhabitants looked the healthier for it. And what little towhanded monsters the juveniles were. That the tow did not catch fire, and the children go of in a sudden solar combination, was ambiles owing to a special interposition of

is excess, why have we the frequent cautions to travellers to guard well their brains when they are on a summer tramp, by putting wet grass or a handkerchief in the top of their grass or a handkerchief in the top of their hais? And why does Dr. Lowis wear a hat at all? Why not go barsheaded like George Mundy, our farmous "hatless prophet"—who may at last boast perhaps of a convert. Let us look at this matter on a larger scale. Contrast the people of the Tumperate gass, where the sunlight is in moderation, with those of the Tropics. If Dr. Lewis's doctrines he true, we should find the suprior races where there is the most sun. But we do not find it so. The inferior races bask

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we do not find it so. The inferior races bask in the molten sunshine of the Equator.

Too much sun is not productive of a rosy, healthy complexion. The English are a raddier people than the Americans—and yet they have a notoriously cloudy climate, and perhaps no country in the world has its dwellings so surrounded with shrubbery and shade trees. The superior warmth and brilliancy of the sun's rays in America, are evident to the most careless traveller, and yet we are comparatively a sallow people—and the further south you go the sallower the peo-

That people and houses may have too much shade, that ladies generally keep their houses too dark, and that rooms are better for a reasonable degree of sunshine daily, we cheerfully admit—but it is not reasonable that we should give as free course to the sunshine in July as in January.

As to the Light Gymnastics, we approve of them highly. We have attended a class where they were practised, and think them admirably adapted to exercise the various muscles of the body, and promote strength and grace. Being performed in company, and to music, adds an element of cheerfulness which is always of great importance in bodily exercises. That they will supplant the regular gymnastics, however, is not probable, nor to be desired. The latter probably will prove to be the best for vigorous young men, the former for young ladies and children. There is room, however, for all forms of bodily exercise—Light Gymnastics, Regular Gymnastics, Skating, Cricket, Ball Playing, Pencing, Dancing, and the whole round of healthy exercises. That the improvement of the physical powers now attracts so large a portion of the public at-tention is an excellent sign indeed—and to Dr. Lewis and all others who are engaged in keeping this important subject before the community, the thanks of the community are due. To the judicious editor also, who utters his word of seasonable warning, in order to prevent the good cause of Proper Living from being run off the right road, and over the precipice of extremes, the thanks of the community are also due, even if a portion of said community should not

COMPLIMENTARY.

Of the many complimentary letters relative to THE Post that we have the pleasure of receiving, we occasionally copy one in order, first, to please ourselves, and secondly, because we think it will gratify large numbers of our readers. The extract that we publish below-being from the editor of a journal published in the vicinity of Boston-pleases us the more because it comes from one whose position enables him to speak understandingly of editorial labors, This gentleman writes to us as follows:-

Will you please send me a copy of your paper of May 23, 1863. I have lost mine, and as I keep a file of them, should like to obtain it.

THE POST is the only literary paper on my exchange list which I read. You make it up with remarkable ability and tact. I don't know what your subscription list is, but it ought to be beyond anything in America. You beat the Ledger and that class on their own ground, besides furnishing a great deal of really valuable literary matter.

UNCLE OR FATHER -" I say, boy, whose horse is that you're riding ?" it's daddy's?" "Who is your daddy?" "Don't you know? Why, Uncle Jones." So you're the son of your uncle!" "Why, yes, calculate I am. You see, dad got to be a widower, and married mother's sister, and now he's my uncle."

Two words are almost universally misspelled in the newspapers of the day, and even in many books. These are intrenchment and innuendo; they are commonly spelled extrenchment and inuendo. They are not to be found in the dictionaries in the

An Irishman, upon being shown steam-shovel, looked at it some time with a mixture of loathing, abhorrence and contempt. At length, shaking his fist at the machine, and grinding his teeth with rage. he exclaimed, triumphantly-" Bad luck to you, you can't rote, anyhow !"

IN "I know I am a perfect bear in yet. You are more sheep than bear."

SKETCHES OF POLISH HISTORY.

WRITTER POR THE SATURDAY RVENING POST,

VII.

A considerable force had now gathered around the standard of the Dictator. It con-sisted principally of the garrison of Cracow hope, but issuing in arms and discipline, followed with enthusiasm a leader whose condescension won their affections, and whose skill and valor inspired them with confidence in his ability to lead them successfully against the Russian army, which General Igeistrohm had dispatched to crush them. A desperate battle was fought nea the village of Raciawice, in which Kosciusk gained a decided advantage. Having rearmed his troops with weapons taken from the enemy, he awaited the spread of the in-surrection in the other portions of the king-

dom.

Igelstrohm, alarmed at the defeat of his subordinate, and beginning to comprehend the magnitude of the revolutionary movement, arrested the principal citizens of Warsaw, and prepared to disarm such regiments. of the garrison as he suspected of being dis-affected towards the Russian Government But his designs were anticipated; the Polisi guards broke open the arsenal, armed th populace, attacked the loyal troops, and drove them with great alaughter across the Vis-tula. Igelstrohm, after bravely defending his residence against the attacks of the pa triots, succeeded in escaping to the Prussia camp, near the city. The flag of the revo lutionary party waved over the towers of Warsaw, and the city, again free from the presence of foreign soldiers, resounded with sociamations of joy. An executive council was immediately formed, with the gallan Mokranowski and Zakrzewski as its chief officers; and the authority of the Dictato was formally recognized. The revolutionary feeling spread like wild-fire from individual to individual, from city to city, from province to province, until nearly the whole nation was in a blaze of insurrection. Lith-uania, even, did not hesitate to unite its for tunes with those of Poland Proper; and the garrison of Wilna, by laying down its arms escaped the fate of that of Warsaw.

Forty thousand patriots were now under arms, actuated by the purest motives, but not always guided by the wisest counsels. The same jeslousy which had proved so fatal to the republic in the past, still lingered in the breasts of the nobility. Kosciusk using every effort to increase the numbers o his army, had armed the serfs with scythes and placed them side by side with high born nobles, who shrunk from their contami nating touch; the discontent thus excited was in the highest degree detrimental to the discipline of the revolutionary force. Other difficulties and discouragements hampered the movements of the Dictator. The lack of a solid middle class of society was felt not only in the army, but it also interfered with the financial operations of the executive council—the national credit was at a low ebb; and a depreciated currency circulated with difficulty throughout the kingdom—the want of competent regimental and company officers was a source of great embarrassment and the well laid plans of Kosciusko were frequently frustrated by the ignorance or impatience of his subordinates. Such was the condition of national affairs when the Dictator, with his little band, prepared to encounter the well equipped, and ably officered battalions of the Russian and Prussian

monarchs.
Forty thousand Prussians, commanded by Frederick William in person, were advan-cing towards Warsaw, and threatened, by effecting a junction with the Russians, to regain possession of Cracow and the capital. Kosciusko, with twenty-six thousand men, hastened to throw himself on General unfortunately, was not able to accomplish his design. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, he made a brave defence agains the combined armies, and retired in good order, having suffered the loss of one thousand men. This check was followed by the defeat of General Zayonschuk at Chelm and the surrender of Cracow.

The populace have, in all ages, merited the title of fickle; for in a few short hours they often execrate those whose praises were just on their lips. Thus at Warsaw the popular expectation had been wrought to a high pitch, and the news of the recent reverses was as unanticipated as it was disheartening. After the first shock had passed away, loud complaints were uttered against the management of the campaign, and the executive council blamed for not executing all Russian sympathizers. Finally the prison doors were broken open, and eight suspected persons, who were confined by orders of the council, met a violent death at the hands of the mob. The presence of Kosclusko alone was able to restore order, and the arrest and punishment of the principal offenders prevented a repetition of the out-

The forces of the invaders now laid siege to Warsaw, expecting an easy victory. But the genius of Kosciusko was equal to the emergency, and in the defence of the my manners," said a young farmer to his capital of his country he displayed un-sweetheart. "No, indeed, John," said the tiring energy, great military skill, and su-Joing lady, "you have never hugged me perior administrative talents, combined with a simplicity of life which not a little resem-

bled that of his former chief. In value did busingers sensult the works, they were ised at every quarter; and in these af-Joseph Ponistowski, Drombowski, and attempt, their supplies intercepted, and serious disorders in Polish Russia demanding their attention, the allies were obliged to raise the siege, and on the night of the 5th of September, 1794, they hastily retired, leaving their sick and wounded and bagof September, 1794, they hastily retired, leaving their sick and wounded and baggage to be the care and the spoil of the Poles. This glorious termination of the attack of the invaders impired the revolutionists with fresh hopes; and eighty thousand men soon awaited Kosciuako's orders. Could this army have been concentrated in fortified towns it might have long withstood the allied attacks; but dispersed as it was, over a large extent of country, it was unable to cope successfully with the superior forces of cope successfully with the superior forces of the enemy.

Soon the tide of fortune began to ebb, for the arrival of Suwarrow in Poland restored the hopes of the allied armies. That great,

the hopes of the allied armits. That great, but bruial general, encountered a division of the Polish force at Krupczyce, beyond the river Bug, and after a two days' engagement destroyed or captured the larger portion of it. The rest fied in confusion towards Warsaw. Koeciusko, perceiving the extent of this disaster, appointed Mokranowski to the command of the Lithuanian army, and pressed on to prevent the union of Suwar pressed on to prevent the union of Suwarrow with the main body of the enemy, which
was commanded by General Fersen. He
succeeding in arriving before Suwarrow had
effected the junction, and only swaited the
arrival of the corps of General Poninski to
attack the Russian general. But Poninski,
not having received the messages which the
Dictator had dispatched to him failed to appear; and Kosciusko, knowing the imposibility of a successful retreat, determined,
notwithstanding the absence of this corps,
to harrid a general engagement. Fersen notwithstanding the absence of this corps, to hazird a general engagement. Fersen commanded twelve thousand veteran troops, including a most efficient cavalry force, whilst opposed to him were but ten thousand undisciplined and ill-armed patriots. The conflict which took place at Maclelowice was an obstinate one, the Russian fought with habitual coolness, and the Poles, and mated by the presence of their beloved chief, performed prodigies of valor. Kosciusko was often in the thickest of the fight, and the steadiness of his raw levies must for a time have encouraged the hope of victory But at the most critical moment of the day the Russian cavalry fell upon the unprotected left wing of the Polish army, and drove it back in confusion; and notwithstanding the exertions of the Dictator and his subordinates, the rout of the whole army ensued Kosciusko, and many other officers, including the poet Niemcewicz, were wounded and taken prisoners; whilst the remnant of the defeated army bore the sad news to Warsaw. Notwithstanding the discouraging

assaulting foe, whilst a garrison of twenty-six thousand men presented no slight ob-stacle to the capture of the position.

But notwithstanding the perils which confronted him, Suwarrow determined to storm the works. Seven columns advanced to the attack, filled up the ditch with fascines, carried with rapidity the ramparts; and drove the Polish battalions, routed and dismayed to the river's edge. The bridge was quickly crowded with terrified fugitives; the timbers gave way beneath the enormous weight, and the thousands who were upon it perished in the waves. Those that remained in the suburb experienced a no happier fate, for the merciless Russians carried universal destruction in their march. The houses were reduced to ashes, and twelve thousand individuals of all ranks, sexes, and ages, fell victims to the conqueror's wrath. The bloody scenes of this fourth day of November, 1794, have added to the blackness of the

aspect of affairs the executive council made

fame of the "butcher of Ismail." On the second day after the storming of the suburb, the citizens of Warmw, who with agony had witnessed the destruction of their army and the slaughter of their friends, anxious to escape their fate and despairing of the Republic, surrendered to the Russian general. After the latter had made a triumphant entry into the city, he caused such of the patriotic chiefs as had not escaped by death or flight from his power, to be conveyed to Russian prisons, where they renained until the death of Catherine, when they were liberated by order of her succes sor. Stanislas was deprived of his regal dignity, and passed the remainder of his days in Russia, enjoying tranquillity and affluence, receiving an annual pension of two hundred thousand ducats for his support. In the year 1796, the final partition was arranged; the southern part of the territory, with Cracow, fell to Austria, Prussia attained the lands on the left of the Vistula, together with Warsaw, and the rest was occupied by Russia. Poland's nationality was

forever obliterated. It will be easily seen that much of the misery of Poland was due to the imbecility and treachery of Stanislas Poniatowski; without neglecting, however, those great underlying causes which we have noticed heretofore: the arrogance of the nobility, the theory of an absolute unanimity, and the her 53d year,

want of a middle class of society. Had he passessed the energy and patriotism of his neghtw, Joseph, the sprising of the people would doubtless have been attended with permanent success; and as a constitutional monarchy Poland would have assumed a position alike dignified and influential. The contrast between the characters of Stanislas and Kosciusko serves to illustrate the vices of the one and the virtues of the other. The admirers of patriotism place the name of the latter, high in the roll of fame, while the most charitable are forced to acknowledge that the reign of the former was characterised by neither ability, energy, or integrity The great Polish objectain died in Switz erland in 1817, but his remains were conveyed to the city of Oracow. We cannot refrain from inserting in this connection, a portion of those beautiful lines, which have familiarized all readers of Eeglish poetry with the sad story of the battle of Macielowice. and which are so identified with our subject that it seems impossible to omit them:

"Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time. Sarmetia fell unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strongth in her arms nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nervoloss grasp the shattere

closed her bright eye and curb'd her hig career; Hope for a sesson bade the world farewell, And Eresdom shrick'd as Kosciusko fell!"

The Polish extles found a refuge in Paris, and long hoped that the French Government would take up arms in their behalf. But the treaty of Bale in 1795, which reconciled the Count of Versailles with that of Berlin, precluded the possibility of such an event. The death of Catherine in 1796, however, relieved the Poles from their hitterest enemy; and her successor, the Emperor Paul, effectually disarmed, by kind treatment, the malcontents in his dominions. Prussia, too, adopted a milder policy; and thus every portion of the kingdom, excopt that under Austria, enjoyed tranquillity

nd comparative freedom.

But thousands of brave Poles sought or cupation in the armies of France, and re-loiced to have an opportunity in Italy of avenging themselves on the Austrian Go-vernment. These Polish Legions were dis-tinguished for bravery, discipline and endurance; and when the star of Napoleon waxed in the ascendant they formed the flower of his armies. Many and severe campaigns diminished their numbers, yet not a few followed their great leader into the capibefore had been rescued from destruction by the strong arms of their ancestors. Freely they poured out their life's blood for their adopted country; and on the fatal field of Leipsic no nobler soldier fell than Joseph (TO BE CONTENUED.)

FACTS -The credulity of women, on subject of being loved, is very great; they often mistake a common liking for a particular regard, and on this foundation preparations for a vigorous defence of the city. The suburb of Praga, which flanked build up a castle in the air, and fill it with the single bridge across the Vistula, was all the treasures of their bright hopes and confiding love, and when some startling fact strongly fortified: a hundred pieces of artillery stood ready to launch destruction at an destroys the vision, they feel as if the whole creation were a blank to them, and they were the most injured of women. It is safer to be very skeptical on the subject of being loved: but if you do make the mistake, take all the blame to yourself, and save your dignity by secrecy, if you cannot keep your heart from loving .- Mrs. Farrer.

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Ken On the lat instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Thomas Morrona, to Miss Elizabria Sprolls, both of this city.
On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D., Mr. Thomas Crownium, to Miss Ruth Herwood, both of this city.
On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. Andrew J. Dicker, to Miss Ansie Lass, both of this city.
On the 28th of May, 1863, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. Henny Bitten, of the U. States steamer Tuscarora, to Miss Ann Janz Glenn, of this city.

V. D. M., Mr. HENRY DITESTAND AND JANE GLENN, of this city.
On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, B. E. Whitzler, to Mary A. Baker, both of this city.
On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Milton Smith, to Miss Matilda Strainers, both of this city.
On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, Mr. James Bhannon, to Miss Resecta, daughter of Mr. Aaron Moore of Port Richmond.

Mr. Jone E. Green, to Miss Annia M. Mulli-ca, both of this city.

DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be ac

On the 1st instant, at his late residence, War-wick Furnace, Chester county, Pa., Hon. DAVID POTTS. In early life a member of the State Le-gislature; afterwards, for four full terms, of the . S. Congress. On the 2d instant, John R. Summers, aged

On the 1st instant, MARY A. SNYDER, widow

On the 1st instant, MARY A. SNYDER, WIGOW of David Snyder, Sr.
On the 1st instant, Mr. MILES S. WALLENS, in his 46th year.
On the 1st instant, WILLIAM L. WENATER, in his 24th year.
On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. Ann, wife of Mr. Benj. Naylor, aged 54 years.
On the 30th ultimo, John G. Knox, aged 40 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. REBECCA TURNER, aged 76 years.
On the 29th ultimo, Jacob Hoover, in his 48th year.
On the 27th ultimo, Mart L. Wetherill, in Mnana.—The Richmond Examiner of May 30, informs the world what the flouthern Confederacy means. The picture is strongly palated, and there can be no mistake as to the meaning of the linner. It says:

the meaning of the linner. It says:

"If the Confideracy is at a premium, she own is to herself. And so much the better. We shall be all the more free to run the grand career which opens before us, and grasp our own lofty deatiny. Would that all of us understood and laid to heart the true nature of that career and that deatiny, and the responsibility it imposes? The establishment of the Confederacy is, verily, a distinct reaction against the whole covere of the misshes chilication of the qu. And this is the true reaction why we have been left without the sympathy with the sharp edge of our sweed. For 'Liberty, Ryankin, Nedersky,' as have deliberately substituted Slavery, Substituted Slavery, Substituted Slavery, Substituted for ourselves, in our own way, and upon ear own principles. That 'among equals equality is right;' among those who are necturally unequal, equality is chance, she shave are slaver reachers to serve master reace here to powers. Buch are the fundamental principals which we liked up in the face of a privatest generation that has forgetten the wieden of he fathers; by those principles we live, and in their defence we have shown ourselves ready to die. Reverently we feel that our Confederacy is a God-sent missionary to the nations, with great truths to preach. We must speak them holdly; and whose hath ears to hear is him hear."

A Woman's League has been formed in New York. We will venture the proposition again: if a miss is as good as a mile, how many women will it take to make a

a rew small lots at equal to coccoor or Middling quality, cash. ASHES are unchanged, and a small business doing'in Pots and Pearls. BARK—The demand for Quercitron has fal-ien off, and the sales are limited at \$55 for lat No 1. Of Tanners' Bark sales are reported at \$14 for Chestnut, and \$18 \$2 cord for Spanish ak. BEESWAX continues in request at 45@46c

P b.

COAL—Orders come in freely, and the demand both for shipment and home use is good at fully former rates.

COFFEE is quiet. The stock is very much rough and the demand limited; sales of 400 bags in small lots, mostly Rio, at 30631c, cash and 4 mos.

nd 4 mos. COPPER continues dull, and for Yellow Metal prices are unchanged.
FEATHERS sell slowly at 46@47c W D for

FEATHERS sent mown at receive its for Western.

FRUIT—In Fruit we hear of nothing doing, the demand for Dried Fruit being about over. HAY is selling at 856,95c the 100 fbs.

HEMP continues dull and neglected.

HOPS sell slowly, and prices range at 186,34c.

₩ Be for eastern and western.

IRON—There is a limited business doing in pig Metal at #30@35 for the three numbers. Manufactured Iron is steady, with a fair demand.

Output

Description

Manufactured Iron is steady, with a fair demand.

Here

Description

Desc

or rails. LEAD—The market is quiet, sales of Galena LUMBER is unchanged, with moderate re-

LUMBER is unchanged, with moderate receipts, and sales of white pine Boards at \$226.24, yellow sap do \$216622. Lehigh Boards \$1266.25, Scantling \$106211, and white pine Mingles at \$186624 \$7 M. Laths are quoted at \$1,50 \$9 M. MOLASSEA continues firm, with sales of Trinidad at \$3c, and some Porto Rico at 50c, on time.

PLASTER is dull and lower, and sales are

reported at \$4%, to arrive.
RICE—The market is inactive, prices of RanseeDs—There is less demand for Clover. seed, and a few small sales are reported at \$5 for common, and \$5,50x5,75 \(\psi\$ to a for good and prine lots. Timothy is nominal at \$1,50x6 1,75. Flaxseed is duil. A sale of the latter was

made at \$2,50 \$2 bas.

SPIRITS—N E Rum sells as wanted at 6500 66c. Whiskey continues dull and unsettled, bbbs selling in lots at 45@45%c, and Drudge at

SUGARS are more active and 1/60 1/c better, SUGARS are more active and 1/40% to better, with sales of 1200 hdds, mostly Cuba, at 10½ of 11½ of 12½ of 11½ of 11½ of 12½ of 11½ of 11٪ of 11½ of 11٪ of 1

with limited sales.

TOBACCO continues neglected and dulf.

WOOL—The new clip is about coming in; sales of about 190,000 fbs domestic fleree are reported at 70@72c for low and medium quality, and some tub at 75@75c & fb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS. The supply of Beef Caftle during the pastreek amounted to about 1221 head. The price realized were from 9 to 13 cls W II brought from \$30 to 35 W head. were sold at from \$50 to 55 \$ head. 4000 Sheep Were sold at from 55 to 6c \$ B gross. 460 Hogs at from \$7,00 to 7.50 \$ cwt net.

LATEST NEWS.

From the American (the From the Wantstorpes, June 14—(figure to 15) of the Sixth Army Days are partially and the Sixth Army Days are partially as a second of the Sixth Army Days are corp. It also to accomplished of Love army, as are to accomplished of Love army, as are partially as a second of Love army, as are partially as a second of Love army, as are partially as a second of Love army, as are partially as a second of Love army, as a second of Love army,

The Atlack on Port Mudoon The Attack on Port Hudson.
The attack of our areas upon Port Hason began on the 27th ult, and the fightin was furious. A number of latteries we carried. Gen. Sherman was wounded, as brigade commanders Chapin and Zickerse believed to be killed. Our losses so far we amount to between two and four thousands. negro, regiment less six hundred killed is a charge on the enemy's works.

A REMINISCHNON

a sition again: if a miss is as good as a mile, how many women will it take to make a league? Three, of course.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADE J.PHIAM ARKETS.
FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour continuous and good sucerfixe, \$4.586,876 for for many the sucerfixe, \$4.586,876 for for family; \$7.766,97.35 for high grade do, and \$9 bbl for firm down and is limited at \$5.75 bbl. Corn Meal is also quiet but steady at \$5 for for feel and sucerfixes, and \$6.67 lower, with asless of only about \$5.000 bus to note at \$1.566,91.85 for fair to good and choice reds, and \$1.60 to 1.73 for white; at the close buyers only offer \$1.50 for red and \$1.60 for white, it we leave buyers only offer \$1.50 for red and \$1.60 for white, it we leave buyers only offer \$1.50 for red and \$1.60 for white, it we leave buyers only offer \$1.50 for red and \$1.60 for white, it we leave the suce of \$0.000 bus for note as \$4.566,91.85 for fair for the suce of \$4.500 bus for note and \$1.60 for white, it we leave the suce of \$4.500 bus for note and \$1.60 for white, it we leave the suce of \$4.500 bus for note and \$1.60 for white, it we leave the suce of \$4.500 bus for note and \$4.50 for western mixed. Oats are also more inquired for and firmer, with sales of 60.600 bus for note and \$4.50 for western mixed. Oats are also more inquired for and firmer, with sales of 60.600 bus for note and \$4.50 for western mixed. Oats are also more inquired for and firmer, with sales of 60.600 bus for note and \$4.50 for western mixed. Oats are also more inquired for well and the suce of the suce and \$4.50 for western mixed. Oats are also more inquired for well and the suce of the suce and \$4.50 for western for mixed by \$4.50 for billing the suce of the suce

Yankee (who happened to be one of the Brooklyn Pourteenth).—"Gone to attend Stonewall Jackson's funeral." This being a ittle hard on Secesh, he shouts out again-Has the Eleventh Corps stopped running yet?" "Oh, yes, they were hailed just after taking down your Stonewall. By the way,

In a long list of heroes before the nast, who have just received medals of nonor for gallant conduct in the attack upon New Orleans and other actions, is the following, which deserves to be coupled with the achievement of John Davis, the man who sat upon the powder barrel in one of the North Carolina sea fights, and who also has a medal: "J. F. Frisbee, gunner's mate, on board Pinola. Berth deck on fire, he instantly closed the magazine and remained inside.

I'm Humphrey Marshall has been arrested and sent to Richmond on charges of disloyalty and treason to the rebel Confederacy.

At one of the largest tin and copper mines in West Cornwall, England, lately, while nine men and a boy were ascending to the surface in a tram-wagon, the chain broke when they had nearly reached the top, and they were hurled down the incline at an ever-increasing velocity, to the bottom of the shaft, and every one killed on the spot.

Brigadier General Birney, of Philadelphia, has been commissioned a Major-General, and ordered to take command of General Hooker's old division, commanded during the late battle by General Berry, who was killed.

TW It is stated that there are vet over 80,000 deserters from the army, who have not heeded the President's proclamation to return to their duty. They will all be caught by the Provost Marshals when the enrollment is completed. There will be no escape for them.

A man of great "singleness of purpose"--- an old bachelor.

The Portland Advertiser, in noticing the case of an idiotic boy named Archibald, who murdered a boy in the alms-house in that city, says: "It is a fact should be known, that the parents of this boy have had twenty one children, all of whom were imbeciles, and this, again, owing to the fact that they were own cousins." (Perhaps.)

MAY MOR STREET A

BY PLORE WOR PRECT.

month of the first of May,

Brory Sinch trie is a bloomy m Many with award some the bo

Come! a fairer messing never smiled; All the sky, how bright,—the sir how m Come away, my pleasant remmer-child! Come away, my plu

But among the mother we shall meet Pressing oft, to flower Mile feet, None will be so blest as I, my sweet!

ng the children is so fair As my beloy, with her golden heir Like the annuoles the angels wear.

From the branches falls the sparrow's set Oh, mp darling, wherefore sleep so long?

Pade the our, the smile, the cheerful his And my chilled heart, sinking faint and d Asks no longer why she does not come.

er. In a quiet place Far away, where pine boughs interface, Sleeps my baby, with her white-rose face,

All the mothers are abroad to-day, Guiding tiny feet along the way— Crowning tender brows with garlands gay.

Only I, in loncoome, dull despair, Make no chaplet for my babe to wear, Drop no kisses on her shining hair.

Infast eyes, so full of love and trust Stab me like a sudden dagger-three Oh, my baby, eleoping in the dust i

Mover more will her fair head be pre-Cherished with kieses, on my pillowing be Gone, so soon, to share her father's rest.

Let the May-days fade, the May blooms fall ;-None of these I love may hear my call— Oh, my darlings! I have lost you all! -Portland Transcript

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

By THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA PLOYD, LADY AUDIEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

LIKE THE MEMORY OF A DREAM.

Mrs. Darrell drove away from Tolldal late in the afternoon, and in a very good by her visit to Woodlands, and it d palafulty probable that she had done a great deal of barm; for the unfortunate ecident of a resemblance between Laure Mason's companion and the late George Vane had stirred up the memories of the post in that turbid stream, the old man's mind. The widow scarcely opened her lips during the homeward drive. She would fain have punished Eleanor for that unhappy chance by which she happened to resemble the dead man, and she had not failed to remark unpleasantly upon Miss Vane's con-duct at Woodlands.

"One would really think you wished to trade upon your likeness to Mr. Vane, and to insinuate yourself into my uncle's good graces, Miss Vincent," the widow said, raher sharply.

Eleasor blushed crimson, but did not at tempt to reply to her employer's bitter speech. The falsehood of an assumed name was perpetually placing her in position which her truthful nature revolted

If Mrs. Darrell had been free to dismis-Eleanor Vane, she would doubtless have done so, for the girl's presence had now betwo reasons for this sentiment of alarm. First, the likeness which Maurice de Cres pigny had discovered between Eleanor and ad friend, and which might prompt him at any moment to some capricious fancy for the girl; and, secondly, the fact that Eleanor's beauty and fascinations might not be without their effect upon Launcelot Darrell.

The widow knew by cruel experience that her son was not a man to surrender his lightest caprice at the entreaty of another. At seven-and wenty years of age he was as much a spoiled child as he had been at seven. Eiles Darrell looked back at the bitter trials of the past, and remembered how hard it had been to keep her son true even to his own interests. Selfish and self-willed, he had takes his own way; always relying spon his handsome face, his shallow versa-filty, his showy accomplishments, to carry through every difficulty, and get hir out of every dilemma; always eager for the at of the present hour, and reckless as to any penalties to be paid in the future.

Mrs. Darrell had concentrated every feeling of her heart into one passion; her love for this young man. Frigid and reserved to others, with him she was impulsive, vepontaneous, ready to pour out her and at his feet, if he had needed to yidence of her devotion. For him to jestons and exacting; harsh to despense and unforgiving to those or, on the other hand, would die withoutli, thus leaving Leancelet to succeed heir-at-law, never entirely descried. But, even if that hope should fail, her de were siderly woman like herself. If the duccooded in cajoling Maurice de Crospign out of his fortune, they must surely event ally leave it to their only nephew, Lau lot. This was how the widow reason But there was another chance which functed she naw for her son's advancem Laura Mason, the heiron, evidently admi Laura Mason, the helrens, evidently admire the young man's handsome face and dashin What more likely than the Leanoslot might succeed in winning the hand and fortune of that capricious young Under these circumstances Mrs. Darre

would have been very glad to have remove Eleanor Vane out of her son's way; but this was not easily to be done. When the widow sounded Laura Mason upon the subject, and the heiross burst into a fine of tears, and deciared passionately that she would not live without her darling Nelly and when Mrs. Darrell went even furthe than this, and touched upon the subject in a conversation with Mr. Monckton, the lawyer replied very decidedly that he cons Miss Vincent's companionship of gree benefit to his ward, and that he could no hear of any arrangement by which the two

Mrs. Darrell, therefore, could do nothing but submit, in the hope that for once her so might consent to be governed by his interests, rather than by those erratic impulse which had led him in the reckless and rio ous days of his early youth.

She pleaded with him, entreating him be prudent and thoughtful for the future.

"You have suffered so much from po verty, Launcelot," she urged, "that surely you will lose no opportunity of improving your position. Look back, my boy; remen to me, led away by low and vicious com panions, and only appealing to me when you found yourself in debt and difficulty. Total of your Indian life and the years you have wasted, you who are so clever and accomplished, and who ought to have been so for tenate. Oh, Launcelot, if you knew what bitter thing it is to a mother to see her idol sed child waste every opportunity of win ning the advancement which should be his by right-yes, by right, Launcelot, by the right of your talents. I never represented you, my boy, for coming home to me penniless. Were you to return to me twenty times, as you came back that night, you would always find the same welcome, the same affection. My love for you will never hange, my darling, till I go to my grave But I suffer very bitterly when I think of your wasted youth. You must be rich Launcelot; you cannot afford to be poor There are some men to whom poverty scems spur that drives them on to greatness, but it has c'ogged your footsteps, and held you back from the same you might have won.

Egad, so it has, mother," the young man answered, bitterly; "a shabby coat paralyses a man's arm, to my mind, and it is not very ensy for, a fellow to hold his head very high when the nap's all worn off his hat. But ! don't mean to sit down to a life of idleness I can tell you, mother; I shall turn painter You know I've got on with my painting pretty well during the last few years."

"I'm glad of that, my dear boy. You had plenty of time to devote to your paint ing, then?"
"Pienty of time; oh, yes, I was pretty

well off for that matter.

"Then you were not so hard worked

Not always. That depended upon circumstances," the young man answered, in-"Yes, mother, I shall turn painter, and try and make a fortune out of

Mrs. Darrell sighed. She wished to see her son made rich by a quicker road than the slow and tollsome pathway by which an artist reaches fortune.

"If you could make a wealthy marriage. Launcelot," she said, "you might afford to devote yourself to art, without having to endure the torturing anxieties which must be suffered by a man who has on'y his profession to depend upon. I wouldn't fer the world wish you to sell yourself for money, for I know the wretchedness of really mercenary marriage; but if-"

The young man flung back the dark hair from his forehead, and smiled at his mother

as he interrupted her. "If I should fall in love with this Miss Laura Mason, who, according to your account, is to have a power of money one of these days, I should prove myself a wise man. Tnat's what you mean, isn't it, madre min? Well, I'll do my best. The young lady is pretty, but her childishness is posidively impayable. What's the amount of the fortune that is to counterbalance so much

empty-headed frivolity? Eh, mother?"
"I can't quite answer that question, Launcelot. I only know that Mr. Monekton told me Laura will be very rich."

"And Gilbert Monckton, although a law yer, is one of those uncompromising per-sonages who never tell a lie. Well, mother, we'll see about it; I can't say anything more

than that." The young man had been standing before | two girls.

a touch here and there la putting a touch, here and there into a p inre that he had been working at almo-return. He had taken up his abode in old apartments. His mother spent a go work by the open window, while he pain ed; listening while, in his idler momenta, h sat at the piano, composing a few bars of a walts, or trying to recall some song that he had written long ago; always following him with watchful and admiring eyes, she-dowed only by the mother's anxiety for her son's future

together a bad young man. He accepted his mother's love with something of that indolent selfishness common to those spolled children of fortune upon whom air extra share of maternal devotion has been lavish ed. He absorbed the widow's affection, and gave her in return an easy-going, grace attention, which satisfied the unselfish e from the young man himself.

"Now, if the wealthy belress were the oor companion, mother, Mr. Darrell said: esently, working away with his brush as he spoke, "your scheme would be tharming. Eleanor Vincent is a glorious girl; little bit of a spitfire, I should think, quie and gentle as she is with us; but a splendid girl; just the sort of wife for an indole man; a wife who would rouse him out of hi lethargy and drive him on to distin

Yes, Launcelot Darrell, who had never in his life resisted any temptation, or accepte any guidance except that of his own wishes was led by them now, and, instead of de voting himself to the young heiress, chose to fall desperately in love with her fair haired companion. He fell in love with Eleanor Vane; desperately, after his own fashion. I doubt if there was any great in lensity in the young man's desperation, for do not believe that he was capable of any real depth of feeling. There was a kind of hollow, tinselly fervor in his nature which took the place of true passion. It may be that with him all emotions—love and re morse, penisence, pity, regret, hate, anger and revenge-were true and real so long as they lasted; but all these sentiments were so short-lived, by reason of the fickleness of his mind, that it was almost difficult to be lieve even in their temporary truth.

But Eleanor Vane, being very young an inexperienced, had no power of analyzing the character of her lover. She only knew that he was handsome, accomplished, and clever; that he loved her, and that it was very agreeable to be loved by him.

I do not believe that she returned th young man's affection. She was like a child dered and dazz'ed by the glorious aspect of the unknown region before her; beguiled and delighted by its beauty and novelty. All the darker aspects of the great passio were unknown to her, and undreamed of by her. She only knew that in the blank horizon that had so long bounded her life, a new star had arisen-a bright and wonderful planet, which for a while displaced the lurid light that had so long shope steadfastly across the darkness.

Eleanor Vane yielded herself up to the brief holiday-time which generally comes once in almost every woman's life, however desolate and joyless the rest of that life may be. The holiday comes -a fleeting summer of gladness and rejoicing. The earth lights up under a new sun and moon; the flowers bloom into new colors and scatter new perfumes on the sublimated atmosphere; the waters of the commonest rivers change to melted sapphires, and blaze with the splendor of a million lewels in the sunshine. The dull universe changes to fairy land; but alas! the holiday-time is very short : the children grow tired of paradise, or are summoned back to school; the sun and moon collapse into commonplace luminaries, the flowers fade into every-day blossoms, the river flows a gray stream under a November sky, and the dream is over.

Launcelot Darrell had been little more than a fortnight at Hazlewood, when he de clared his love for Miss Mason's companion The young people had been a great deal together in that forinight; wandering in the grassy lanes about Hazlewood, and in the shadowy woods round Tolldale Priory, or on breezy hills high above the lawyer's sheltered mansion. In hope of an alliance between Launcelot and Gilbert Monckton's ward, Mrs. Darrell was obliged to submit to the necessity which threw her son very much into the society of the companion as well as of the heiress.

"He will surely never be so foolish as to thwart my plan for his future," thought the anxious mother. "Surely, surely, he will consent to be guided by his own interes's. Gilbert Monckton must know that it is only kely an a'tschment may arise between Lanneelot and Laura. He would not leave the girl with me unless he were resigned to such an event, and ready to give his consent to their marriage. My son is poor, certainly; but the lawyer knows that he is likely to inherit a great fortune."

While the mother nondered thus over her son's chances of advancement, the young man took life very easily; spending his mornings at his easel, but by no means over exerting himself, and dawdling away his afternoons in rustic rambles with the

sisty of this new and belijinst compan-the was bewitched and fascinated by Darrell's cureless talk, which sounded very witty, very profound, sarcastic, and quant in the ears of an ignorant girl. She wearled poor Eleanor with her very unre-

orrid, to fall in love with anybody Before they fall in love with one, you know, Eise-nor," the young lady said in not very ele-gant English, "but he is so handsome and so clever. I don't think any one in the world could help loving him.

"'I have no hope in loving thee, I ber-rood upon my allent heart,

As on its nest a dove : '

added Miss Mason, quoting that favorit oet of all desponding lovers, poor L. E. L. I think Mr. Monckton's ward rather en oyed the hopelessness of her attachmen The brooding upon her silent heart was scarcely an accurate expecition of her con fuct, as she talked reams of sentiment to anor upon the subject of her unrequite effection. Miss Vane was patient and ten and dreading the coming of that hour i which the childish young beauty must be rudely awakened from her rose-colore

"I don't want to marry him, you know Eleanor," the young lady said; "I only want to be allowed to love him. You renember the German story in which the hight watches the window of his lost love's convent cell. I could live for ever him sometimes; or to hear his voice, ever if I did not see him. I should like to wear boy's clothes, and be his page, like Viola, and tell him my own story, you know, som

Bleanor remembered her promise to Gil bert Monckton, and tried sometimes to check the torreni of sentimental talk.

"I know your love is very poetical, and dare say it's very true, my pet," she said; "but do you think Mr. Darrell is quite worth all this waste of affection? I sometimes think. Laura, dear, that we commit sin when we waste our best feelings. Suppose by-and-by you should meet some on quite as worthy of your love as Launcelo very devotedly; don't you think you would look back and regret having lavished your best and freshest feelings upon a person

"Who doesn't care a straw for me," cried the beiress, half crying. "Tnat's what you mean, Eleanor Vincent. You mean to insinuate that Laur colot doesn't care for me You are a crue!, heartless girl, and you don't leve me a bit."

And the young lady bemoaned her disappointment, and wept over the hardships of her lot, very much as she might have cried for any new plaything a few years before.

It was upon a burning August morning that Launcelot Darrell declared himself to Eleanor Vane. The two girls had been sit ting to him for a picture-Eleanor as Rosa lind, and Laura as Celia-a pretty feminin group. Rosalind in her womanly robes and not her forester's dress of gray and green; for the painter had chosen the scene n which Celia promises to share her con sin's exile.

This picture was to be exhibited at the Academy, and was to make Mr. Darrell's fortune. Laura had been called from the room to attend to some important business with a dressmaker from Windsor, and Eleanor and Launcelot were alone.

The young man went on painting for som time, and then, throwing down his brush with a gesture of impatience, went over to the window near which Eleanor sat on a raised platform covered with a shabby drary of red balze.

"Do you think the picture will be a cess, Miss Vincent?" he asked. "On yes, I think so, and hope so; but I

am no judge, you know.' " Your judgment must be as good as the public judgment, I should think," Launce lot Darrell answered, rather impatiently. The critics will try to write me down, I dare say, but I don't look to the critics to

buy my picture. They'll call me crude and meretricious, and hard and cold, and thin and gray, I've no doubt; but the best picture, to my mind, is the picture that sells hest eh. Miss Vincent " Eleanor lifted her arched eyebrows with

a look of surprise; this very low view of the question rather jarred upon her sense of the dignity of art.

"I suppose you think my sentiments very ercenary and contemptible, Miss Vincent, said the painter, interpreting the expression of her face; "but I have lived out the ro mance of my life, or one part of that romance, at any rate, and have no very ardent aspiration after greatness in the abstract. I want to earn money. The need of money drives men into almost every folly; further, sometimes: into follies that touch upon the verge of crime."

The young man's face darkened suddenly as he spoke, and he was silent for a few mo ments, not looking at his companion, but away out of the window into vacancy, as it finded inch was Burnet's siled. Then is a secret in Launcelet Darrell's His." th lawyer had said; "a secret coune his Indian experience." Was he Aung back his head with an impetuo ture. It seemed almost as if he had can some imaginary burden from off his-shoul ders by the mme sudden movements

"I want to earn money, Miss Vincent he said. " Art in the abstract is very grand no doubt. I quite believe in the man who stabled his model in order to get the death agony for his picture of the Crucifixion; but I must make art subservient to my own neocssities. I must earn money for myseli and my wife, Eleanor. I might marry a rich woman, perhaps, but I want to marry a poor one. Do you think the girl I love will lister to me, Eleanor? Do you think she will so cept the doubtful future I can offer her? Do ou think she will be brave enough to share the fortunes of a struggling man?

Nothing could be more heroic than the tone in which Launcelot Darrell spoke. He had the air of a man who means to strive with the sturdy devotion of a martyr, to win the end of his ambition, rather than that of a sanguine but vacillating young gentleman who would be ready to fling him self down under the influence of the firs noment of despondency, and live upon the proceeds of the pawning of his watch, while ais unfinished picture rotted upon the canvas

He had something of George Vane's na ture, perhaps; that fatally hopeful tempers ment common to men who are for ever going to do great things, and for ever failing to achieve even the smallest. He was on of those men who are perpetually deluding other people by the force of their power of Self-deluded and mistaken now, it was

scarcely strange if he deceived Eleanor Vane, who was carried away by the impetu ous torrent of words in which he told her that he loved her, and that the future happi ness of his life depended upon the fiat which must issue from her lips.

Only very faltering accents came from those tremulous lips. Miss Vane was not in love; she was bewildered, and perhaps a little bewitched by the painter's vehemence He was the first young, elegant, handsome, and accomplished man with whom she had ever been thrown much in contact. It is scarcely wonderful, then, if this inexperienced girl of eighteen was a little influenced by the ardor of his admiration-by the elo uence of his wild talk.

She had risen from her seat in her agita tion, and stood with her back to the sunli window, trembling and blushing before her

Launcelot Darrell was not slow to draw flattering inference from these signs of womanly confusion.

"You love me, Eleanor," he said : "yes you love me. You think, perhaps, my moher would oppose our marriage. You don't know me, dearest, if you can believe I would suffer any opposition to come between me and my love. I am ready to make any sacriice for your sake, Eleanor. Only tell me that you love me, and I shall have a new purpose in life; a new motive for exertion.

Mr. Darrell held the girl's two hands clasped in both his own, as he pleaded thus, using hackneyed phrases with a vehement earnestness that gave new life to the old words. His face was close to Eleanor's, with the broad light of the sunny summer sky full upon it. Some sudden fancy-some vague idea, dim and indistinct as the faint nemory of some dream whose details we strive vainly to recall-flushed into the mind of George Vane's orphan daughter as she looked into her lover's black eyes. She recoiled from him a little; her eyebrows contracted into a slight frown; her blushes faded out with the effort which she made to seize upon and analyze that sudden fancy. But her effort was vain: transient as a cleam of summer lightning the thought had flashed across her brain, only to melt utterly away.

While she was still trying to recall that last idea, while Launcelot Darrell was still pleading for an answer to his suit, the door of the painting-room was pushed open-it had been left sjar by volatile Miss Mason, most likely, and the widow entered, pale, stern, and sorrowful-looking.

CHAPTER XX.

RECOGNITION.

"I thought Laura was with you," Mrs. Darrell said, rather sharply, as she scrutinized Eleanor's face with no very friendly

"She was with us until a few minutes ago," Launcelot answered carelessly; "but she was called away to see a milliner or a dressmaker, or some such important personage in the feminine decorative art line. I don't believe that young lady's soul ever soars above laces and ribbons, and all those miscellaneous fripperies which women dignify by the generic title of their things! Mrs. Darrell frowned darkly at her son's

contemptuous allusion to the heiress. "Laura Mason is a very amiable and accomplished girl," she said.

The young man shrugged his shoulders. and took up his palette and brushes. "Will you settle yourself once more

said. "I suppo

d Mrs. Darrell, "I w speak to Miss Viscent."

Launcelut Derrell throw down his hand turned suddenly towards his a

"What have you to say to Miss Vin

we were a couple of comspirators."

Mrs. Darrell drow herself to be eight, and looked half sternly, he only at his non. His not quality weaker and meaner than her ou ed him to shrink from any o est with her. Dearly as she loved this sel the weakness of her affection; and at me scelot Darrell was frightmad of

"I have a great used to be gravely. "If cent," the widow answered, gravely. "If you refuse to leave us together, I have no "I have a great deal to say to Miss Vini loubt Miss Vincent will have the good to to come claswhere with me." Eleanor looked up startled and hewild

ed by the suppressed passion in the widow's "I will come with you anywhere, Mrs.

Darrell," she said, "if you wish to speak "Come this way, then."

Mrs. Darrell swept out of the room, and Mrs. Darren swept before the young man had any opportunity for remons widow led the way to the pretty chamber in which Miss Vane slept, and the two women went in together, Mrs. Darrell shutting the door behind her.

"Miss Vincent," she said, taking Eleas hand in her own, "I am going to appeal to you more frankly than one woman of ceals to another. I might diplomatic plot against you, but I am not base enough for that; though, I dare say, I could sto a good deal that is despicable for the as of my son. And, again, I have so good as opinion of you that I think candor will be the wisest policy. My son has asked you to

"Madam," stammered Eleanor, looking ghast at the pale face which had an alm agic aspect in its earnestne

"Yes, I told you just now that I could do despicable things for my son's sake. I was passing the door while Launcelot was talking to you. The door was ajar, you know. I heard a few words, enough to tell me the subject upon which he was speaking; and I stopped to hear more. I listened, Miss Vincent. It was very contemptible, was it not?

widow looking down upon the ground. The color came and went in her face; she was aritated and confused by what had happen ed; but in all her agitation and co the memory of that sudden fancy that had scross her brain while Laur Darrell talked to her was uppermost in her

"You despise me for my conduct, Miss Vincent," said Mrs. Darrell, reading the meaning of the girl's silence; "but the day may come in which you may experience nother's anguish; the brooding care, the unceasing watchfulness, the feverish, all-devouring anxiety which only a mother can feel. If that day ever comes, you will be able to forgive me; think mercifully of me. I do not complain of my son; I never have complained of him. But I suffer, I suffer. see him holding no place in the world, with a wasted youth behind him and a blank uture before. I love him, but I am not deceived in him. The day for all deception is past. He will never be rich or prosp by any act of his own. There are but two chances for him: the chance of inheriting my uncle's fortune, or the chance of marrying a fich woman. I speak very frankly, you see, Miss Vincent, and I expect equal candor from you. Do you love my son?"

"Madam-Mrs. Darrell-I-"You would not answer him just now; I ask you to answer me. The prosperity of his future life hangs upon your reply. I know that he might marry a girl who does love him, and who can bring him a fortune which will place him in the position he ought to eccupy. Be generous, Miss Vincent. I ask you to tell me the truth. That is the least you can do. Do you love my son, Launcelot Darrell? Do you love him with your whole heart and soul, as I love him ?

Eleanor lifted her head suddenly, and looked full in the widow's face.

"No, madam," she answered, proudly,

I do not."
"Thank God for that! Even if you had loved him, I would not have shrunk from asking you to sacrifice yourself for his happiness. As it is, I appeal to you without hesitation. Will you leave this place; will you leave me my son, with the char planning his future after my own fashion !"

"I will, Mrs. Darrell," Eleanor said, earnestly. "I thought, perhaps, till to-day -I may have faucied that I-I mean that I was flattered by your son's attention, and perhaps believed I-I loved him a little," the girl murmured shyly; "but I know me that I have been mistaken. Perhaps it is the truth and intensity of your love that shows me the shallowness and falseho

my own. I _" and, look I know that all be serry re-400 he per son, and my own fi parmly; " H ne if he thou the means of know him w will not endu and offended mre, but he " Let me g id Eleanor

some is on mdon. I have been ack to them "You are girl. It shall rith at leas had here. how much I "And you rather not se We have gr ever had a and Laura b Darrell, I o say good-by. You shal the widow over to Wine

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Will you kee

for if she car "Yes, yes ing Eleanor change in l upon it in a ed on the u ence. Once disunite here "Am' I n thought. " this place.

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rell uttered

"Launcel pass him to help for it." Eleanor l of one of Launcelot men. One ing to him attention. curbstone, panion, kiel the toe of 1

my own. I yes "and, looking back at my feelings for him, I know that I do not love Mr. Darrell. It will be much better for me to go away. I shall be surry to leave Laura; sorry to leave Harlewood, for I have been very happy here—too happy, perhaps. I will write to your son, and tell him that I leave this place f my own free will."

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Thank you, my dear," the widow mid. "Thank you, my conr," the widow said, warmly; "my son would be very hard with me if he thought that my influence had been the means of thwarting any whim of his. I know him well enough to know that this estiment, like every other sentiment of his rill not endure for ever. He will be angry and offended, and wounded by your depar-ner, but he will not break his heart, Mis-

"Let me go away at once, Mrs. Darrell," aid Eleanor; "it will be better for me to go at once. I can return to my friends in I have saved some money wifle I have been with you, and I shall not go back to them penniless."

"You are a generous and noble-hearted girl. It shall be my care to provide you with at least as good a home as you have had here. I am not selfish enough to forget how much I have asked of you."

"And you will let me go at once, I would

rather not see Laura, or say good-by to her. We have grown se fond of each other. I never had a sister—that is to say, never aand Laura has been like one to me. Let me go away quietly without seeing her, Mrs. Darrell. I can write to her from London to say good-by."

You shall do just as you like, my dear," the widow answered. "I will drive you over to Windsor in time for the four o'clo train, and you will get into town befor dark. I must go now and see what my son

is doing. If he should suspect.—"
"He shall suspect nothing till I am gone,"
said Eleanor. "It is past one e'clock now,
Mrs. Darrell, and I must pack all my things. Will you keep Laura out of my room, please

for if she came here, she'd guess—"
"Yes, yes, I'll go and see—I'll make all

Mrs. Darrell hurried out of the room, leavng Eleanor to contemplate the sudden change in her position. The girl dragged one of her trunks out of a recess in the sim-ply furnished bedchamber, and, sitting down upon it in a half-despondent attitude, reflect-ed on the unlooked-for break in her existence. Once more she was called upon to disunite herself from the past, and begin life

"Am I never to know any rest?" sh thought. "I had grown so accustomed to this place. I shall be glad to see the Signors and Richard once more; but Laura, Mr. Monckton,—I wonder whether they will be sorry for me.

By three o'clock in the afternoon, all Elea nor's preparations were completed. Her trunks packed, and handed over to the factruiss packed, and nanded over to the fac-totum of the Hazlewood establishment, who was to see them safely despatched by lug-gage train after the young lady's departure. At three o'clock precisely Miss Vincent took her seat beside Mrs. Darrell in the low basket

carriage.
Circumstances had conspired to favor the girl's unnoticed departure from Hazlewood. Laura Mason had been prostrated by the in-tense strain upon her faculties caused by an hour's interview with her dressmaker, and had flung herself upon the sofa in the drawing-room after sopping up half a pint of eaude-Celogne on her flimsy handkerchief. Worn out by her exertions, and lulled by the summer heat, the young lady had fallen into a heavy alumber of two or three hours'

duration.

Launcelot Darrell had left the house almost immediately after the scene in the painting-room, striding out of the hall without leaving any intimation as to the direction in which he was going, or the probable hour of his return.

drove quietly away from the gates of Hazlewood, and Eleanor left the house in which she had lived for upwards of a year without any one caring to question her as to the cause of her departure.

Very few words were said by either Mrs. Darrell or her companion during the drive to Windsor. Eleanor was absorbed in gloomy thought. She did not feel any intense grief at leaving Harlewood; but some sense of desolation, some despondency at the thought that she was a wanderer on the face of the earth, with no real claim upon any one, no actual right to rest anywhere They drove into Windsor while she was thinking thus. They had come through the park, and they entered the town by the gateway at the bottom of the hill. They had driven up the hill and were in the principal street below the castle wall, when Mrs. Darrell uttered an exclamation of surprise

"Launcelot!" she said, "and we must pass him to get to the station. There's no help for it.

Eleanor looked up. Yes, before the door of one of the principal hotels stood Mr. Launcelot Darrell, with two other young men. One of these young men was talking to him, but he was paying very little attention. He stood upon the edge of the curbstone, with his back turned to his com-

in that we conversings, going at fall speed, passed the young man,—the thought which had finded, so vegue and indistinct, so transient and intengible, through the mind of Eleanor Vane that morning, took a new shape, and arose palpable and vivid in her

This man, Laureslot Darrell, was the sully stranger, who had stood on the Pari-sian Boulevard, kicking the straws upon the curbetone, and waiting to entrap her father

DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down To rise upon some fairer shore; And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown

There is no death! The dust we tread Shall change beneath the Summer shows To golden grain, or mellow fruit, Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

To feed the hungry moss they bear; The forest leaves drink daily life From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall, The flowers may fade and pass away— They only wait, through wintry hours, The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread, He bears our best loved things away, And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers; Transplanted into biles, they now Adorn immertal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones Made glad this scene of sin and strife, Sings now its everlasting song Amid the Tree of Life.

And where he sees a smile too bright, Or hearts too pure for taint of vice, He bears it to that world of light,

Born into that undying life, They leave us but to come again; With joy we welcome them—the same, Except in ain and pain.

And ever near us, though unsee The dear immortal spirits tread; For all the boundless Universe Is life-There are no dead.

OUT OF THE CLOUDS.

PRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY LAURA J. ARTER.

CHAPTER L

My story opens without prelude or comsweetness of myriads of flowers; musical with the twitter of birds and hum of bees; bright with the sunlight sprinkled in golden drops over blossom and leaf and tree. A young couple standing by an open window n a large parlor-a man with a stern, intelligent, but homely face; a slight, graceful woman, with a face whose chief loveliness consists in the firmness and goodness writ-ten upon it. I shall listen to and record their words.

"You are too proud, Norman! I like pride when it is of the right description, but

your pride is making you encmies."

Pauline Foster looked steadily into the half angry, half sullen face before her.

"And pray what would you have me Miss Foster? A cringing, whining sneak, without self-respect enough to win respect from others? A man ready at all times to dance attendance on the footsteps of the wealthy? Shall I quote love-sick poetry to every sentimental school girl I meet? Shall I hide under a bland exterior the contempt I feel for the silly weakness with which every light-headed fop displays his own shallowness? It may be your way of doing, but I scorn deceit, and shall never try to conceal my feelings, let my enemies say what they will. I ask favors of no onethe time may have been when I was foolish enough to have faith in the generosity and forbearance of mankind, but that time has passed. I ask nothing of the false-hearted beings who mock at my hopes-I have no thanks to return to a world that has given me nothing but unkindness. I can fight my own way upwards-I defy all the petty hate, all the hollow friendship of those around me. I ask nothing from any one." "Have you done with your rather lengthy oration, sir? I am impatient for you to drop your stage voice and words awhile,

and talk common sense,' She spoke in a clear, steady voice, her cheeks glowing red with indignation. Her companion stood moody and silent, so she

went on alowly. "So you ask nothing from any one? You speak of hate-of hollow frieadship-you talk of such things when your own heart is filled with bitterness-when you never more than once in your life felt such a thing as a pure, upselfish friendship! Frown if you panion, kicking the publics on the road with like, I shall not tremble. So you set yourthe toe of his boot, and staring moodily be- self up in defiance to the world—there is no one worthy of your consideration? You cold-blooded villain, with a soul corrupted am."

withering honouth your encount for every one who expresses an interest in welfare with beraise words seeks, sing, seeks at random, no difference if people learn to shrink from you; you are all-sufficient, all-nowerful! Work your way up matin the world you profess to despise—no mat-ter if you cruelly crush and transmel loving hearts in the secent. When you have gained the summit your ambilion pointed you to, sit down in your sullen loneliness and walt for happings to come to you—seed, but it will never come. Then you will sneer at the world and its inmates, because your own foolish pride and selfshness have driven all affection from you; never once blaming yourself for the misery that will sit in your heart, despite your efforts to be cynical and indifferent. What are you, that you should scorn your fellow men? What have you should scorn your fellow men? What have you ever done to make you think persons should come and beg for your friendship? What right have you to suppose that all are cold and false, and hard, because a few persons you have known have fallen below your ideas of perfection? How can you expect kindness, when you give only suspicion and contempt in return? You sak nothing from any one—my love has been thrown away then; has fallen upon a hard rock and grown a sickly growth, only to die out for want of nourish ment? I am fickle and cold like the rest of

them—I—"
"Pauline!"

" Well, sir ?" "Do you wish to drive me quite mad with rour bitterness?"

He would have taken her hand, but she

matched it away hastily.
"I would have you be less misanthropical —less egotistical. I would have you purge your heart of the unkindness and selfishness that are gaining possession of you more and more every day. I do not like to speak to you thus, Norman; but you know and I know that as a friend even, I am but doing my duty. I had hoped—oh! how I had hoped, that when you know how much I loved you, you would drop the dark garments with which you had been clothing yourself and come out into the warmth and sunshine. I have been so proud of you, because you were strong and brave, but now I find you weak and cowardly. Do not start so—it is weak and cowardly to roll the burden of your sins upon the shoulders of others; to secuse the world of a hardness that exists only within yourself. Norman, Norman, my heart aches harder and harder as I see the unhappiness you are determined to drag down upon you

The voice lost some of its steadiness then, a tremor ran through the tones, saddening and softening them down. He took her hand in spite of her efforts to withdraw it, and looked down at her tenderly, a world of emorse and anguish written in his face.

"My Pauline, will you too forsake me !"

"NorMorman, no! At least not yet. I have hopes that you will come out of this morbid state, and be true to the good that was born a part of you. Only sometimes I almost despair. I almost fear you will ecome overbearing and proud with me, and then I should cease to love you."

" My darling! Can you doubt my love for out If there is anything good within me, ou can cultivate it; if there are many things dark and evil, you can reprove them. You would not allow me to finish the sentence I commenced awbile ago. I ask nothing of the world so long as you love me. My little nonitor, will that do you?"

"It will not do me, sir! You must not depend entirely on me for happiness. I am weak and erring myself, and might fail you in your hour of greatest need. Consider me a dream, a myth, a being blotted out of your existence, and go to work in good earnest to win friends to fill my place, Suppose, sir. I should prove fickle, as many others have done, would it not be wise to have other friends to turn to?"

She said this half playfully, smiling faintly,

"You fittle teaze! I will not listen to such absurdities-I will not believe you butterfly enough to flirt away and leave me in my grim loneliness, else you had never come to me at all with your precious love.'

"I want to be very earnest with you, Norman. No one could honor another more than I honor you for the many difficulties you have met with and overcome. I never forget that you were left a poor little friendhoy, with no one but your mother to low you, and no one to extend a helping hand. I know how you struggled on through it all, torning ever from the evil that beset you of all the seeking only after know-ledge and saddness. Many may have envied you your powers of perseverance, and mocked at your aspirations, yet you pressed on bravely. For all this, Norman, I love you. But you have no reason to become soured and vain-no cause to elevate yourself above others. There are thousands of men as good and better than you, who have fought through greater difficulties, and come out with charitable and loving hearts. You

are selfish and proud." She spoke with firmness, her clear gray

eyes studying his face intently. "Is there anything else? Can you not add another to the many charges you have brought up against me? It seems to me, Pauline, you see only my faults, and that I have felt and known all my life, and withyou magnify them. You make me out a

of errers—you, who are so good, can cer-tainly not love ma."

His voice was filled with bitterases.

"Because I know the good that is blended in your character I can love you with all your fasts, Norman. I would only ask you to compare them. For my sake you will try, I know."

"I will do anything for your sake, Pauline

But it is hard for me to stoop—"
"I do not ask you to stoop. It is so easy
to be kind and pleasant to those around
without being like them. To be courteous
and forbesting is a debt you owe to the world. You, who have so many faults your-self, should not be so quick to detect them

"I believe you are right, Pauline, as you always are, and I'll try to follow your ad-

"And now you are my tender little bloe-som—my sweet bud that I am always watching with a jealous eye and worship-ping heart."

"You are very nearly handsome now,

She smiled at him archly, and he co her up in his arms with passionate and ten-der words. She released herself and walked across the room.

"It is such a lovely day, Morman, too lovely to spend in the house. Shall we

"Yes, I should love another stroll through

I en, I should love another stroll through our faverite haunts before I leave you."

She ran to her room and returned pre-pared for her walk—the beauty of her clear, pale complexion, heightened by the pretty little hat she wors.

"Will I do, Norman?"

He stooped and answered her with a slicht cares, drew her arm within his own, and they sauntered slowly up the yellow lane, and into the green woods beyond it. Both were quiet; both sliently dreaming of the many happy years they had known each ther, and wondering what the future had n store for them.

"I wish the time had come, Pauline, when could take you to a home of my own. It sems too hard to have to walt and toil for years before I can have you with me for good and for ever. When I think it all ver, I almost curse the fate that made me s

"If you had been a rich one, Norman, 1 should never have loved you, because you would have had so many other friends, I should not have thought of or felt an inerest in you."

"You are a fortune yourself, Paulis an inexhaustible treasure, though you are given to lecturing me, and setting me half crazy with your tantalizing kindness to others. By-the-way, Pauline, do you really like Ned Darlington?"

"Of course I do."

"You do ?"

"Yes!"

"That is cool !" "It is a great blessing to be able to keep ool such a warm day as this,"

She looked calm and unconscious. "Pauline, do you really mean that you

like him !" "I believe I answered you once, sir." "Then I am to believe what I have heard

from the neighboring gossips?"

"As I am not in the habit of listening to the petty gossip of the neighborhood, I de not know to what you allude. I would not for the world, however, disturb any settled

belief you may have." "Ned Darlington is an idiot!"

"Thank you for the implied complimer to my good taste. I cannot agree with you though-Mr. Darlington is not an idiot.

Quite to the contrary."
"Good-by, Pauline."

"Good-by." "I am going !"

"So I suppose, sir. Have you any message to leave for the family?"

" None."

"Then I will not detain you. Good-by. He had stopped in the centre of the road and she walked quietly past him. He stood irresolute for a moment, then turned and walked moodily in the direction they had come. A sudden impulse turned him back before he had taken many steps, and he strode along hastily till he overtook the

" Pauline!" "Back so soon! Have you forgotten anything ?"

"Yes-I forgot to act the gentleman. Will you forgive me?"

"It is done, but I wish you would be more careful in future. You are always in her voice. making yourself miserable." "Let my misery atone for my many sins,

will you not? I am so jealous of you though, my Pauline! You are the only one I have to love me; the only one whose love is worth retaining."

"Norman, have you forgotten your mo

"My mother-God bless her! No, I never forget, never cease to love her. But I did not think of her when I spoke. Her love seems a portion of myself; something out which I should be even worse than I

ing away the darkness of shed to

"Norman, semetimes when I see you as you were a while ago, I think perhaps it would be better to give you up at once than to subject us both to such scenes as these."

"You cannot mean it, Pauline! You surely would not cast me away from you, and leave me to battle alone against the cril

passions which beset me?"

"I hope I shall never have to do it both for your sake and mina."

She sighed heavily, and a mist filled her

"What a brute I am, Panitne, to gri

you so. I shall become better for your sake, little girl, or at least I shall strive to." The words comforted her, and presently she spoke cheerfully and even gayly of in-different subjects. When their strell was ended, and Norman had seen Pauline subty in at the gate, her face was smiling, and hi own heart was full of quiet happiness.

CHAPTER II.

The month of Norman Everett's abo had ended, and he was at home again. His mother greated him with her usual loying welcome, but he was impatient to hasten to Pauline.

After tea, he started to Mr. Foster's. It seemed to him the way had grown longer in his absence, and he thought of a thousand unpleasant things that might have occurred since he last saw Paulins. He had received letters from her, to be sure, but after all, that was not like seeing her. He shirt the gate behind him with a nervous being, and walked hastily up the pathway leading to the house; never heeding the leading to the house; never heeding the sweet breath of the flowers that thrust them-selves almost beneath his feet, not noticing the thousand sparkling stars that threw their clear light down upon him; hearing only the sweet voice of her he loved, as it floated out softly on the heavy air. He did not stop to hear what the song was; whether one of love or sorrow—he did not pause to announce his presence by knock or ring, but stepped impetuously into the

" My Pauline!"

The words fell in a glad quiver from his lips. Whatever else he may have been, Norman Everott was an earnest and faithful lover.

She sprang up from the instrument at the ound of his voice a look of embarrassment chasing away the joy that at first filled her face.

"Norman, I am very glad to see you."

There was a slight restraint in her tones, yet there was no doubting the truth of her vords, as she gave him her hand. She burned then to a gentleman Norman had not at first seen, and said,

"Mr. Luther, allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Everett."

The gentlemen shook hands-Mr. Luther expressed his pleasure at the acquaintance, but Norman's brow clouded, and in his heart he wished Mr. Luther a thousand miles away. That unconscious gentleman resumed his seat; Norman threw himself into an arm-chair, and Pauline did her best to make the conversation flow on easily and naturally.

Mr. Luther talked with ease and grace,

yet his language betrayed the deep and earnest thinker; but Norman sat moody, and almost silent-too much chagrined by the unexpected presence of a stranger, to care to make himself entertaining. Pau-line saw clearly that he was in one of his repellant moods, yet it was not in her power to help it, so she conversed as gayly and pleasantly as if there were nothing to mar her happiness. To Norman's jealous eyes, seemed unusually joyous; unusually kind and considerate to Mr. Luther; unusually neglectful of him. So he sat growing angrier every moment; thinking one minute he would go home; the next, that he ould not so and leave a clear fascinating rival. That Mr. Luther was a handsome and 'fascinating man, he had to acknowledge. He could not endure the torture of his own thoughts however, so he rose to go, after making only a short call. He bowed coldly to Mr. Luther, and spoke with restraint to Pauline.

"Miss Foster, can I speak to you one moment?"

She smiled pleasantly-excused herself to Mr. Luther, and left the room with Nor man, accompanying him to the hall door. "Well, Norman, what is it? Are yo very glad to see me again?"

She spoke playfully, even tenderly. " Who is Mr. Luther ?"

" A gentleman, or he would not be my There was a tone of resentfulnes friend."

"Then he is a friend of yours? A piece of perfection no doubt. A pattern of good breeding, possessing only amiable and gene rous traits of character ?"

"Yes-you could not have drawn a more perfect likeness of him. He is a man who would not so far forget himself, as to be jealous of every stranger he should meet. A man with too much good breeding, to sit and sulk through a whole evening, without even a shadow of an excuse. Is there any other information I can give you?"

Norman hesitated-her answer was what he had expected.

" Pauline, I deserve your censure I know,

had I maked a mark in alone with you, alloy not no a long time. The process proyected me to make I make

brow with his lips.
"A poor excuse, Not will not do for others. But you

with him, Pumine; does he love you?"

"You are increased by the party of the latter of

The afternoon come; clear and becatiful, A soft mist of gold seemed to be fleating in the sir; purple and silver cleak disput down almost to the tree tegs; birds skirped softly in the heavy foliage; a little stream glinted slong almost at Norman's first, but is might so well have been miles away, for any pleasure it save to him.

Pealine met him at the gate; jey beaming from her face, in spite of her of

*Oh! Norman, I have missed you so

"Oh! Norman, I have missed you so much, since you left me. Are you gind to be at home again?"

"Very! so gind that I feel as if I should never leave it again. So my Pauline missed me—my dear girl was losely when I was gone? How gind I am—nothing else could make me half so happy."

All suspicion and anger vanished; he was gentle and tender as a girl. Pauline was quietly happy, yet the remembrance of the past evening was not obliterated. She was very lovely that afternoon; to Norman's partial eyes she was half divine. Her brown hair fell in luxuriant curis around her fair shoulders, and was adorned with form leaves and white rose-buds. Her dress was a pale blue white rose-buds. Her dress was a pale blus

white rose-buds. Her dress was a pale blue craps, made in full puffs, the coracge triusmed with flutings of lace and ribbon. Bhe saw Norman's glance-of admiration, and looked up at him with a saucy smile. "Don't I look well, Norman't I were this dress to the party I attended at N—on the night of the fourth. You never saw me in an evening dress before, did you? If you wouldn't be so cross, and would go with

ne to parties-" "To make every one open their eyes at Pauline Foster's teste, to hear folks pity-you for being so foolish as to admire a housely, penniless man! To have the young ladies petronize me for your sake, and the gentlemen anub me for the same reason? To either make a smiling, bobbing fool of myself, or sit in some corner in sullen defian A pleasant evening it would be for me, no doubt! No, I should love to see you enjoy yourself, but I have no desire to partici-

A sickly smile passed over his face, yet he was in carnest Pauline knew.

"It wouldn't be half so bad as you think, Norman. I should like to see any one dare to slight you!" the small form growing more erect, the gray eyes flashing defiantly.

"So that you could defend me publicly, and be sneered at for your pains the moment your back was turned? No, no, Pauline, I am happier at home. Let us talk of it no

orchard; the long blue grass yielding to their feet; the breath of the flowers floating from the garden; the trees drooping with their weight of unripe fruit. They paused under a pear tree, where a few threads of sunshine tangled themselves up into knots and fell in golden balls on the ground. Both stood silent and thoughtful. Norman

"Pauline, you have forgotten to tell me about Mr. Luther !" There was no command in his voice then

as there had been the night before "There is not much to be told, Norman." She spoke carelessly, but the scarlet rush to her cheeks contradicted her words, and

Norman's jealous eves were on the alert. "You will tell me at any rate," he said, looking pitilemly into her face.

"I have known Mr. Luther ever since last winter. I met him when I was visiting my sister at Pittsburg. I thought him pleasant and intelligent-nothing more. He visited me frequently; so did many other of my gentlemen friends, and I thought nothing of it. When Lieft Pittsburg he saked permission to correspond, but I excused myself, and had almost forgotten all about it, when I met him at the party the other night. He asked permission to visit me. and I granted it, rather pleased at the prospect of having an agreeable companion to while away the time. Last night-wellthat is about all !"

She blushed a deeper red, and turned her glowing face from Norman's searching gaze. "There is something else, Pauline. What is it?" He spoke coldly.

"I wish you would not be so inquisitive and suspicious. Mr. Luther asked me tomarry him last night. There! that is all." "And you?"

pe gone quite far enough, Nor-th. E will not allow even you to of trifling with the feelings of a and pet

why do you sak !"

And I am poor and homely and jealous by did you not accept him? You may

"I shall probably have good reason t store my life is over.

It is not too late yet."

"Pouline, do you love him?"
"If I did, I should not be standing here
with you now, listening to your uncalled for
bitterness. I respect him, more than—than sepiet you if you go on in this way

rned away from him and stood looking after off at the blue sky, wondering in her inmost heart if it would not have been better had she accepted Mr. Luther's offer than to go through life in such a continual kind to her-life would have been a clouds, so far as he was capable of making it so. But Norman—she shuddhed to find if drawing comparisons between the With Morman she would have many to overcome, many hardships to en-his irritable moods to contend with ally. She banished the thought-he had forced them upon her himself.

He came up to her and took her

gently.

"Pauline, I am wrong as usual. I had no right to wound your feelings, when you had only acted nobly. Pardon me!"

She smiled serrowfully. "I forgive you again, Norman, but do not

try me too far. They returned to the house slowly, and ler of the evening passed off so loyously they could scarcely tell where the

CHAPTER III.

The latter part of September, found Pau line in Pittsburg, with her married sister. She went into society very often, and was universally admired and respected. Nor-man Everett was in Cincinnati, attending ectures preparatory to commencing his pro-sesion as a physician. With a jealous pany at his heart, he heard of the homage paid to Pauline, and he grew to wonde she would not forget aim; learn to look upon their engagement as a drawback to greater happiness. He was moody, irritable and miserable. He made few friends-he was so cold and reserved that few ventured to be sociable with him, and the few soon fropped off. Yet he never thought to blame if for his isolation; attributed it rather to his want of wealth and personal charms

Pauline wrote to him quite often, and to me extent her letters soothed and cheered aim, yet Norman was a man who seemed lways to be seeking after clouds and sha dows. One evening, after the lecture was over, Norman left the hall, accompanied by everal other gentlemen, but did not engage n the conversation. Presently he was roused by a name that sent the blood tinging through his veins. He listened.

e Poster, from what I have h of her, is a noble woman as well as a lovely one, and as near worthy of Luther as any an can ba. I'm glad they are going to be married. Are you sure it is so, Harry !"

quarters, or nearly so. Ned Darlington, who is a friend of Miss Foster's, and also a friend of mine, wrote and told me all about it. He is in Pittsburg now-he used to pay attention to the lady himself, I believe, but he has given up the struggle, and bears it

Norman listened no longer, but rushed to his room like a madman. He snatched up a pen, sat down and wrote furiously, pouring out all the wrath and flerceness in his beart, in a stinging, reproachful torrent. He did not take time to reflect, but seized his hat, and reached the post office just in time to mail his letter. Every hope or see of happiness he had ever known in life had vanished in that one short hour, yet as he returned slowly to his hotel he ould have given anything if the letter had not been sent. Perhaps Ned Darlington had only exaggerated things—Pauline might yet be true to him. In such a case she would think him a mouster, and as he reflected how often he had wounded her feelings ruthically, only to meet with gentleness and forbearance, he began to think himself one.

And now what had he done, forfeited her
love and respect forever.

Two weeks passed before he received a
saply from Pauline. She did not tell him of

She did not tell him of

that to his own rashness alone he must at-tribute her final decision. That she had ne patiently with his impetuous outbursts passion, his want of faith in her, but that all hope had died away, and the best thing for them both was a final farewall.

He had expected such a letter, yet he felt as if at every word his heart were breaking. move her; that the long agony was at lest over, and Pauline was his no longer. He wrote to her but once again.

"PAULINE-No LOBORR MY PAULINE: Your letter came—the letter that doomed me to a life of lonely wretchedness, yet I do not murmur. You but obeyed the prompt ings of duty—the dictates of long outraged feelings. I do not ask you to undo what feelings. I do not ask you to undo what you have done. I am not worthy of half the kindness you have already lavished upon me. Believe me incapable of a pure, unselfish love. Believe that your image will fade from my heart, that this love will pass away, that aunshine will take the place of the gloom the terrible gloom that weighs my soul down in despair. Believe when you see me smile that I am happy. When you look into my eyes, believe that you can read in them but a brother's love. Believe that pain nor sadness will mingle with the sweetness of the memo-ries of the time when I had faith that you leved me. Believe that my soul will never again thrill with the olden joy at thought or sight of you. Believe all this -believe it, though God knows I cannot tell you it is rue-believe it for your own happinessselieve it, though every act of my future life contradict it. I can write no more: I do not wish to pain you. I have already caused you too much grief. God bless you "NORMAN."

Pauline read this letter with a feeling of the keenest agony she had ever known Could she could give him up after all-could she turn ever from him in coldness, never soothing him again with tender words, or cheering him with hopeful smiles? It must be done, and yet-and yet, how hard it was

A few weeks afterwards, a friend told her that Norman had enlisted as a soldier in one of the Ohio Regiments, and was even then on his way to active service. After that, there was nothing to do but pray silently and fervently, for the safety of the man she loved better than life itself-loved with

A year and more had passed. During this time, she had heard once or twice of Norman. He made a splendid soldier they said-brave and daring to a fault. That he was slowly working his way upwards in the army-that he was kind and considerate to is men, thoughtful of their comfort before his own. Her spirits grew lighter after that. The holy cause for which he was fighting ad roused the sleeping good within him, as othing else could have done.

November set in, cold and dreary and rainy. It dragged wearily along, sobbing out its existence, till December laid her cold hand on the grieving face, and froze up the bitter tears.

It was the day before Christmas. A throng of memories surged up in Pauline's eart-memories of the long and joyous houghts of holidays that had gilded her past life with happiness. This Christmas would be the saddest and loneliest of her life. Norman was hundreds of miles away, in an enemy's country, surrounded by thousand appalling dangers, and subjected to many hardships. Then came a thought of his mother, alone in trouble and sorrow, no one to fill the vacant place in her hear and home. An impulse seized Pauline. She put on her hood and cloak, slipped a pair of sandals over her gaiters, and started to see his mother. Perhaps her presence would add a little sunshine to the gloomy house.

Heavy drops of rain spi face—the woods were naked and shivering; the road was covered with damp, ad leaves that muffled the sound of he footsteps. A sense of extreme desolation crept over her, as she looked around the dreary scene. She could remember days when those woods had been sweet with wild flowers and forms; when green grass and soft mosses made bright the road where the leaves were decaying; when birds chattered in the trees now leafless and descried. Days when Norman walked by her side an acknowledged lover. Those days were forever over, and Norman-perhaps he was lying cold and still even then in a distant land where no loving hands would decorate his lonely grave.

She hurried on striving to overcome the thoughts that almost maddened her. The rain came down faster and faster-she ran on recklessly, never stopping till she reached her destination. She opened the gate noiselessly and walked through yard on to the porch. She knocked at the hall door, which stood open, but no one seemed to hear her, so she stepped in, laid off her wet wrappings, slipped off her sandals and went into the parlor. Everything looked so familiar, she could scarcely keep back her tears. . With an effort she calm herself, and sat down in an arm-chair, looking wistfully around her, and grieving me and more at the stern necessity that had parted her from Norman. A book lay on the table within her reach—the very book

he had read to her the last evening she had

—a little slip of paper fluttered to the She caught it up and read the per

words written in some dreamy hour.
"What should I do without my Put No one else ever loved me-no one els will I ever love. I know that come will, she will never forsake ma,"

The great tests rained down her ch had banished him from her presence-

A sound fell on her earssomething coming through the hall. She started up to escape from the room, but passed ere she reached the centre of the loor; her cheeks coloriese, her eyes filled with a wild look almost of terror. There was surely nothing to alarm her in the appearance of the young soldier standing in the door, supporting himself with a crutch; his face as white as her own. He came in slowly and with evident pain; his eyes fixed steadily on her all the while. He sank down into a chair, faint and exhausted from emotion, looking yearningly into her face Neither spoke. She turned to leave the com, not daring to stand face to face with him, knowing she would betray all the love and pity filling her heart.

"Paulipe, can you leave me without even a word of welcome or sympathy? Bad as I may have been, I did not think you hated me so much as this."

His voice was filled with a wail of sadner and reproach.

She hesitated no longer-she sprang to his side, winding her arms around him, kissing many times over the pale, patien

"Norman, oh! Norman, my beloved, if ! was harsh, forgive me!" He drew her head on his shoulder: the

sobs shaking her slight form all the while. "God be thanked for this token of His mercy! Go now, Pauline, you unnerve me; unfit me for the stern, hard life lying before His tones were husky, yet he pushed her from him.

"I will not go, Norman-I will not leave you! Let me stay with you-I will be so gentle, so patient, only do not send me away !

He drew her face down to his, and kisse

"You will go, Pauline-not because I do not love you; but because I love you too well to wish to make you miserable. Some times I think God has changed my heart; hade me see things in a different and purer light since I left you. There are many things in the perilous life of a soldier to draw him nearer his Maker, and I trust that blessing has been mine. Yet I fear to trust myself, Pauline-I fear to have you trust

"You have changed for the better, Norman-I can feel it. I can trust you-only take me back to my resting place in your heart !

"I am only a poor cripple now, Pauline. As my wife you would be called on daily to endure things that would almost break your sensitive heart. The coarse pity and condolence of the ignorant, and the criticisms of the heartless, will sting you beyond measure. Think well before you de-

"There is no need of thinking, my dearest -I will not leave you."

So peace and content settled down on heir souls, and out of the deep darkness prang up much light. Norman was indeed erent man. A sense of his own errors had at last awakened him to his better nature, and through the long months of trial and sorrow his soul had come changed and purified. Soon afterwards the papers anounced a wedding.

"Married, at the residence of the bride's father, on the 8th of January, the brave and gallant Captain Norman Everett, to Miss

FAULTS.

What are another's faults to me ? I've not a vulture's bill To peck at every flaw I see, And make it wider still. It is enough for me to know I've follies of my own, And on my heart the care bestow. And let my friends alone.

Nothing appears to me more shallow han the mode of viewing life which looks upon pain "as the deepest thing in our nature, and union through pain the closest of any." Sorrow is essentially separative. What is its extremest form-insanity-bu isolation? The French, with as much truth as tenderness, call the insane les alienes The mind, broken in itself, has lost the power of blending with other minds; its action returns upon itself. Joy is a uniting thing; it builds up, while it enlarges, the whole nature; it is the wine to strengthen man's heart, to brace it to every noble en-

A Spanish proverb says-"A little in the morning is enough; enough at dinner is but little; but a little at night is too much." The Indian philosopher, equally profound, held that "too much rum was just nough.'

ger George Thompson, eldest son of William Loyd Garrison, has been commissioned as a Lieutenant in the Massachusetts \$5th (colored) regiment. He has never, we understand, accepted his father's Non-Resistance views.

Bocter Die Lewis en Physical and

The Inquirer of this city gives the following report of Dr. Dio Lewis's recent lecture at Concert Hall:

As Mr. Furness has alluded to the Normal Institute for Physical Education, I may be pardoned for talling you something of that institution. About three years ago I located in Boston, and established the Normal Institute for the preparation of teachers of the New Gymnastics. An act of incorporation was obtained; a corps of professors

of the New Gymnastics. An act of incorporation was obtained; a corps of professors elected by the trustees, and among those professors Dr. Walter Channing, so well and hworshly known to you all. So also is Dr. Hoekins, who is one of the teachers of the school. Professor Leonard has merited distinction as professor of elecution. I have the honor to occupy the place of teacher or professor of gymnastics.

In the three years the institute has been in progress, about sixty teachers have graduated, and are now engaged in various parts of the Union in teaching. Three reside in this city, and will, during next fall and next winter, open gymnasia here. From almost every part of the country I am receiving daily evidences of growing interest in the movement. Within the past week I have received from one of our graduates who has gone to England to introduce the new gymnastics, most flattering accounts of his reception there. One of the largest London publishers proposes to begin the publication of a new paper, The London Gymnast, which will advocate the new gymnastics. I also received an order from the publisher for the plates of the new work on Gymnastics, recently published, that it may be published to ceived an order from the publisher for the plates of the new work on Gymnastics, recently published, that it may be published in Engiand. The same week I received from the Sandwich Islands a communication for a condensed edition of the same work, to be translated into that tongue, and printed for the use of the people. I might mention other evidences of the interest felt in this movement, but I will remark only, that while I am engaged in teaching gymnastics, I am always anxious to keep before the people the fact that exercise is not the only law of health.

Health-the Means of Improving Physical education, in the minds of most people, means exercise. Now I believe that there are many laws of health quite as much needed and not less important than from the continuous content of the most series and every benefit of the continuous content of the wention, will do more for the cause of hu-manity, and confer a greater blessing upon the American people, than he who would build a gymnasium. We are suffering more into our dwellings, will do more for the health of our people than the gymnast will ever do. I think that the shace-trees you re cultivating so carefully about ouses, and the blinds you place at windows, by the darkness which they pro-duce, tend more to injure health than the want of exercise. I think to cut down the want of exercise. I think to cut down the shade trees, and remove the blinds, and let the sunlight into your houses, will do more to improve your health than the symnast can do. I think the introduction of a physiological dress a more needed reform than gymnastics. I think that certain changes in our dietotics will prove far more valuable to our bodies than the gymnastics will be. And yet I am always teaching gymnastics. to our bodies than the gymnastics will be.
And yet I am always teaching gymnastics.
It is needful, and I am devoting myself to it,
but I always, when before the public, try to
have these other laws understood and practically recognized. Let me say a word or
two about these before I introduce my own

The Necessity of Ventilation. First of Ventilation. Everywhere we are suffering for pure air. All our public buildings are badly ventilated. Our churches are imperfectly ventilated. I often come home from church doubting if I have not comfrom church doubting if I have not com-mitted a sin in exposing myself to such vile air (Laughter.) In the city of Boston, where we have given much attention to the subject of ventilation, we have but one single half into which a Christian can conveniently go (Laughter.) Theatres, concert rooms, and halls of that sort are so poorly ventilated, that a single evening spent in one of them will, if a person have any nerves, cause not only lassitude, but head-aches and discomforts which will last for several days. Our our street cars particularly, but or m-cars also, are both so badly ventilate when I ride in one of them I instin tively seek the platform. Our private houses are so poorly ventilated, that I sometimes feel disposed to acquiesce in the sentiments of a play written by some forgotten author, that a large majority of the diseases of our people are caused by breathing the impure air of our houses. The bed-rooms are so badly ventilated, that while, as a physician, I visitventilated, that wante, see the ded hundreds and thousands of houses, ed hundred persons in well scarcely found one hundred persons in well accorded to the second be easily and could be easily and places ventilated as they could be easily and cheaply. I do not wonder that a distin-guished American physician, when a con-sumptive patient comes to him and cries, "Doctor, examine my lungs," and the doc-tor, examining, finds tuberculous deposits says, "If you stay at home, in the house says, "If you stay at home, in the house, you will die; if you go out in the air, you will live." I do not mean to say that that statement is wholly true, but I do say that the physicians have been driven to this statement, and it is almost always ince.

The Injurious Effect of Corrects the

Face.

Women have contrived a plan of carrying this bad air into the street. They contrive to breathe the same poisonous mixture in to breathe the same poisonous mixture in the street. A woman goes to a doctor and says what shall I do for my health, I am feeble and weak, and the doctor says you must go out into the free air, take the open air twice a day, and she does go out, but she never inhales a breath of fresh air. How will also the other transfer that the transfer transfer that the transfer transfer that the transfer transfer transfer to the transfer tran never inhales a breath of fresh air. How will she, the next morning take it. This is her method. (Here the speaker placed his hand-kerchief over his face, and walked along the stage, much to the amusement of his audi-tors.) I need not say she gets anything but fresh sir. If she has the asthma she will not go a single square before she will have to tear the veil from her face with a great gasp "give me air."

"give me air."

This is bad enough for a woman, but what do you think of a mother who places a covering over a baby's face down in the bottom of a deep cradle in the hot summer blasts of July? And I have seen in the

those of the neighborhood.

A) I have seen ledies unroll
their arms. What thet bund

The Blessing of Free Air.

I shall offend no one's common sense by saying that God knew what was good for us. He made this great ocean of air, piled up for a hundred miles all round our planet, and sent not only gentle breezes, but great hurricanes, that would stir it up, that we might breathe it over and over again. (Applement) But we plant trees around our houses, and put blinds to our windows, and nall lists around our doors, that we may keep it out and live in a close atmosphere all our lives.

I am surprised to hear so many say that night air is injurious. No other air can be breathed at night. We can breathe either free and pure night air, or we can breathe a very little night air and a great deal of poisonous exhalations from our own skins and lungs. I much rather prefer the free night air (applause.) There is no person so delicate but he can, in a single month, accustom himself to sleep with open windows near his hed, and breathe in great quantities of fresh air from the great ocean outside, and that without any mischief resulting.

Sunchine.

Let me say a word about sunshine. Every person has observed in a cellar a potato plant growing. It will grow about as tall as any plant of the same species, but it will be weak, feeble and desicate. Twies it about your finger and it will die. What does it meed. The sunshine. Just so it is with children. Take away the barriers and let the sunshine in. Drink from the great fountain of light and life and vigor that is flowing all over the world. God has ordained it that animals are as dependent upon the sun as the plants are; and the girls you are bringing up in your parlors, pale and sickly, are suffering for the want of the great sunshine that the plants in the cellar do. If it does fade the carpet, let it in. Better let the carpet fade than the household plants die for want of sunlight. Let me say a word about sunshine. Every

The Ladies Should Not Carry Parasols.

Now, if there should be no keeping of the fresh air from the lungs by vells, there should be no depriving the sunshine of its right to dally with the pale cheeks of woman. When the great sun saka, may I kiss you, prefer the kisses from that sun to kisses from any other son. (Great laughter.) They are better generally, more healthful. (More laughter.) I believe that persons afflicted with bronchitis, and particularly indigestion, would be cured in two mouths, by exposing themselves to the sun for an hour or two each day—lying down on a mattress or the floor in a bedroom, while the sun comes in at the window, and let the sun fall upon every part of the body, from head to foot. Get, then, plenty of sunshims. One of the reasons why women have more neuralgia and rheumatism than the men, is because they are shut up in houses so much more than their hus-The Ladies Should Not Carry Parasols. up in houses so much more than their hus-bands and brothers are. When a practicing physician, I always caused rheumatic pa-tients to be removed from bed rooms when under the shade of closely-woven branches of trees and under plazzas, up to higher cham-bers, with open, windows, where the sum bers, with open windows, where the sun could pour in and dry and purify and reno-vate the rooms.

The Masculine Dress.

Now a word on dress. The dress of the gentiemen is perfect. It is warmenough. It is loose enough. It is comfortable enough. It could not be bettered. But I will make one criticism. It is on the dress of the head. You wear on the head coverings which are impervious to moisture, and which retain all the heated atmosphere and perspiration which is evolved from the head.

This is why men get bald. Women are

the heated atmosphere and perspiration which is evolved from the head.

This is why men get bald. Women are never bald. They sometimes, by sovere combing, and from continued sickness or headache, lose large quantities of hair, but they never have a white shiny top on their head. (Laughter.) You never saw a man with a bald place below the line of his hat. Make two or three hundred holes in the top of your hat and the perspiration will then pass away. Baldness is difficult to remedy. The papers publish accounts of restoratives which will stimulate the growth, but they are generally worthless. If the head is really bald the best remedy is cold water. Hold the head over a basin of water and pour handsfull of cold water, the colder the better, and continue the process for several weeks until the effect is visible

The Dress of the Women.

The women are better than the men. God made them so, but they have one disadvan-tage. Their diet is not equal to the men's. Their dress is abominable. (Cheers.) When Their dress is abominable. (Cheers.) When woman is in full dress she has nothing a woman is in full dress ane has nothing upon her arms and chest. Perhaps it would offend no one to ask, how would she be attred if she was not full dressed? (Laughter.) Physiologically, it is a bad habit. A doctor said to me, in Boston city, six hundred children are murdered here annually or want of proper dress Mothers will not give their children pro-per protection; their arms and legs are bare; place the bulb of a thermometer in a babe's

place the bulb of a thermometer in a babe's mouth; it will be from eighty to ninety degrees; place it on its bare wrists, and the mercury will fall forty degrees. The babies are well clad at first, when in warm long dresses, but when they are taken out of long dresses, but when they are taken out of long dresses, but when they are taken out of long dresses the mother proceeds to bob off the clothing, and bobs off a yard at the first attempt. (Laughter.) Then the next thing is a hoop, and if the little one bends over you can see the small of her back, and if she leans forward you can see the pit of her stomach. The dress seems to be hung on the centre of the body. (Laughter.) The body should be warmly clad to the hands and feet. Every human being should wear woolen Every human being should wear woole garments next the skin.

garments next the skin.

Dresses are so disproportionate; my wife when she goes out will put on five or six thicknesses over her breast. If it be winter, she will put heavy furs on over them. Then they place one thickness of cotton over their lower extremities, and then throw a skirt over it and go out. I say let your under garments fit you. They should be knit and woollen. Be sure that the lower extremities are warmly clothed; wear a pound, more or less, of under garments near the

The Dress of the Po a single word about the d his is always bad. Wo wrapped in this more

Tield Locing.

their best until they were as as of a Chiline woman, and reduct to the condition of the Flather would not object; but if they we the vital organs I will remonst

What we cat has a great influence of cath. And not so much what we are quantity of it. People cat a great nore than they need. Ninety-aine overy hundred people in the country ome years sooner than they would one find not they taken away strength one find not they taken away strength. their muscular mental powers the digestive organs. I have rules which I always observe. but two meals a day. Secondly everything on my plate when I c that I intend to eat, and ask noth Now let me briefly refer to a theme

I thought the German system of gymr tics was not good enough. There was no chance for fat men, for an old man, for feeble men, or for women. There was opportunity for only one class in the old system, for vigorous young men who did not need in Children do not need the gymnasium. You cannot make them use it. There of fun in the gymnasium. In games cricket there is fun and interest thought why cannot games be devised a gymnastics. I saw the sexes were separate in the common gymnastum. The charmenthe dancing room was omitted. This was all very clear that we could have no interest in the gymnasium unless the sexes were united.

Bo a new plan of gymnastics were devised. The question was, what was to be used? The dumb-bells were undoubtedly good, but they were too heavy. They admitted of no variations. They were used of 100 pounds weight, which only admitted of two motions an upward and a downward motion. I thought why not have fif-y bells which would admit of a thousand beautful variations. All the exercises are accompanied by music.

In the exercises the attitudes involve a

In the exercises the attitudes involve a constant change of posturing, and it is much to be preferred to the old way of lifting a heavy dumb bell over the head and putting it down again.

Now I wish you to observe another kind of apparatus, and it is a simple ring. But, you say, how light! Well, if the hardest working-man in the recom will come on the stage and perform for three minutes, he will confess that he never worked harder in his life.

confess that he never worked harder in his life.

The further a system progresses the more difficult becomes the posturing, requiring a great degree of grace and flexibility. A cart-horse moves with a slow, dragging motion; the man who goes with him moves as he does. Doubtless both were agile, graceful young colts, but heavy weights deprived them of agility and flexibility, and they both became inelastic and inflexible.

If a man have a colt to break, and a farmer's hand placed ten bushels of grain es his back, he would be discharged for ignorance. So no man should send his son to a gymnasium where he would be made a cart horse by lifting heavy weights.

Dr. Lewis closed by appealing to his as-lience to lend their influence to spread the interest already manifested in the ne tern of gymnastics, and assist in for new schools for the physical educat

new scaools for the physical education the young.

During the lecture exhibitions were given by a pupil of Dr. Lewis', a Philadelphian, who had graduated from the Normal Institute. He used light wooden dumb-bells weighing two pounds, and gave instances of the different kinds of posturing which the exercises called forth.

The different exercises with the wa

The different exercises with the wand were also shown, and a class of young girls, from eight to twelve years of age, some of whom were from the Friends' Central School, Fifteenth and Race streets, performed the various evolutions with the rings. These are merely wooden rings, weighing two of three ounces, which are held in the hand, two girls grasping the same ring, and these drawing the ring backward and forth between them, turning and twisting the wrists with each movement.

with each movement.

The exhibitions and the lecture gave generation and after the exhibitions are the exhibitions and after the exhibitions are the exhibition of the exhibition ral satisfaction to all in attendance, and after the lecture a number of gentlemen present came upon the platform and preparations were made to have a class of pupils formed to be instructed in the new system of Dr. Lewis.

Although the enrollment is now in rogress, it will not be necessary for any one to take measures to establish his claim to exemption until he receives a printed notice that he is drafted, when he has ten days be fore he is required to appear at the office of the Board of Enrollment, where all cases of bodily infirmity, &c., will be duly onsidered.

SAY not thou hast lost a day, If, amidst its weary hours, Gloomy thoughts and flagging powers, Thou hast found that thou couldst pray. By a single earnest prayer Thou may'st much of work have done, Much of wealth and progress won, Yielded not by toll and care.

What can I give you for a keepake, my dearest John ?" sobbed out a sen mental girl to her scapegrace lover about join his ship. "Give, my angel?" cried Jack, in some confusion; "hem-whywhy, you've not got such a thing as a ten dollar bill, I suppose, about you?

In the village where Schiller once lived, (Dorf Gholis,) they have raised a monument, with this inscription,—"Here Schiller lived, and wrote his Song to Joy."

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Marilla (6) 1 088 (6) 03 Am Isa Hek and Wounded Soldiers.

VALUABLE TESTIMONY.

VALUABLE TESTIMONY.

CANT OF 1st PA. RESERVE CAVALET.

My. Verses, Der Sir:—Allow me to add
a little unsolicited testimeny to Dr. Kerlin's
statement now before me, in which my
name is introduced at one of those drawing
upon his agency for supplies. Thousends
of dollars and hours of careful labor without number, have been spens in making
up supplies for soldiers which never reach
them. I think from my experience, I may
properly say, that the majority of hoxes sens
never reach their intended destination, and
never do any soldier the least benefit. But
comparatively few counties from which our
myriad army has come, have kept up so
close a correspondence with their absensons as Delaware county, and very few have
sacceeded as well in pushing their contributions asfely through to the men for whom
they were intended, and yet many a box of
yours has been ruined by age before its delivery, and many others utterly failed of delivery in any condition.

I have been for weeks using all possible
erections to get such a box from Washington, where it now lies, and at last the Sanitary Commission Agents are my only hope
of getting it. There is, as Dr. Kerlin suggests, an Agency which reaches every part
of the army, and every donation of five
cents, five hundred dollars, or a pair of
socks, or any other such gift once in their
hands, is sure to go to the benefit of some
soldier just when and where it is wanted.

On the other hand the same agency is
ever open to your friends, who can there
get freely and at any time such supplies as
they need so far as is proper, and they are
sure to get them in good order and fit for
use.

I have watched this matter carefully for

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are 700 sick and wounded here. In the the nails into their place, has been the belie kitchen, which is under our control, (where we have 4 good men to assist) are prepared all the delicacies this large number require and I can assure you that it is done as nicely and carefully, as though under my direction at home. We vary the food as much as possible with so limited a list to select from. The only vegetables that we have are tomatoes and potatoes. I hope that you will impress upon the contributors to the Commission the vast importance of canned tomatoes for Hospital use; and now that the fruit season is approaching, urge the preparation of raspberry vinegar and currant shrub. We find all such cooling drinks most grateful to them. Lint is certainly not needed. I have repeatedly been told by the surgeons that they prefer having the old linen and muslin to use as rags; so your influence I trust may aid in stopping what is now a waste. Dried fruit of all kinds we use in large quantities; cooking half a bushel at a time, and mixing the varieties together in stewing, except apples and peaches, which

to the compound, which is really very nice. Dr. G. has had a garden prepared, and a milk-house or cave made for keeping meat, butter and eggs. This Hospital is complete in its arrangements. We brought with us a washing machine and a clothes wringer, which they keep at work all and every day, and pronounce it grand.

are cooked separately, and afterwards added

We daily see how far superior to all other information in our power.

organizations the Sanitary Commission is esteemed; and I know from actual observation the nobis work which it has done, and is still doing.

In one tent we have 7 hadly wounded men, whose cases seemed almost hopeless. One young man shot in the forehead. The

One young man shot in the foreneed. The bullet, extracted only 8 days since, had passed 4 inches into the brain! The surgeon now thinks that he may possibly recover. An-ogher with 6 finctured skull, and eyes hope-lessly blinded they feared, can now distin-guish day from night; but to me his closed, swellen eye-lids look as though they shat cost forever all the hearity earth can give out forever all the beauty earth can give. The other 5 fearfully wounded, some ampe-tations, but all so bright and cheerful. For sch wounds in our defence, how little is all

Such letters as the above cause us to feel how slight are the labors of the workers at how slight are the labors of the workers at home in comparison with those so modestly alluded to. All the comforts of life and the companionship of friends given up cheerfully, yes eagerly, for the fatiguing, wearing service of "aiding to save lives in the cheerless field hospitals." The "blessings of many ready to perish" will surely rest upon all such noble

We copy from the Philadelphia Inquirer the following admirable description of the scenes going on at the rooms of the W. P. B.:

we copy from the Palladelphia Inquires bands, is sure to got them and where it is wanted. On the other hand, the same agency is set freily and at any time such supplies as they need so far as in proper, and they are sure to get them in good order and fit for the sixteen months I have sereved in this regiment, and my conclusion has before now to colly sure plan to get extra supplies for my sick, is to go to the Banitary Commission for whalf want; and I ask my friends at home, who have so kindly remembered me and my charge, to give winst they give, whether of memory which has also gad no failability proved its trustness.

Let my name be added to Dr. Kerlin's in his matter, as a witness who on the outside has received the benefits of that Commission instead of dispessangli is favore fit. I feel it, and the men under my carried it.

I, too, have blessed the Sanitary Commission, as I have seen it a public notices and private cered, inviting invalid and discharged soldiers to mesias and lodging free from cost, but free from the victous and debauching associations of the chesp laverns of Washington to which this class was before forced to resort. Before the doors were open it was often better for those was before forced to resort. Before the doors were open it was often better for those was before forced to resort. Before the doors were open it was often better for those was before forced to resort. Before the doors were open it was often better for those was before forced to resort. Before the doors were open it was often better for those was before forced to resort. Before their doors were open it was often better for those was before forced to resort. Before the doors were open it was often better for those was before forced to resort. Before the doors were open it was often better for those was before forced to resort. Before the doors were open it was often better for those was before forced to resort. Before the doors were open it was often better for those was before forced to great and the proper of the sectio

of many a ball-room.

And now a glance behind the glass-doors. In this senctum senctorum sit the older, graver heads—the authorities. Here the clerk work is done; ledgers posted, letters written, &c. Here are three desks, representations.

written, &c. Here are three deax, representing each a branch of power—the Coairman of the Executive Committee, the Corresponding Secretary, and the Committee for "Special Relief."

We leave the quiet dignity of this room with the reflection that war is no numitigated evil, that wakes up hearts to such large

The following Associate Managers of the W. P. B. have been appointed since the last announcement:

Mrs. Ross Nicolls, Reading; Mrs. Reeder, Esston; Mrs. Andrew Russell, Pottsville; Mrs. R. R. Schenck, Chambersburg; Mrs. R. C. Hoke, McConnelsburg; Mrs. Henry Cohen, Philadelphia; Miss H. Jenkins, Northumberland; Miss L. Snyder, Williamsport; Miss M. A. Montgomery, Danville; Miss C. E. Smith, Selinsgrove.

Ladies interested in the cause of this Commission, in the counties of Wayne, Sullivan, Huntingdon, Cumberland, Blair, Bradford and Bedford, are requested to write to this office; and we shall be equally glad to hear from any other counties in the state. We shall be glad to answer any questions concerning the Commission, and give all the The articles for hospital supply most called for at present are: Cotton underclothing, cotton socks, cotton wrappers, bed-sacks, mosquito netting, fams, canned vegetables, jellies and prepared fruits of all kinds, tamarinds, pickles and bay rum.

DONATIONS

Parladuleura, June 1st, 1868.
The Women's Fenn. Breach, United States Senitary Commission, No. 1807 Chestus tires, acknowledges the receipt of the following denation: in 'hospital supplies since the last report. port:— 1 boz, Ladies' Aid, Lewistown, Elimbeth Hoff-1 box from Mrs. C. M. Lowis's Primary School

viously published.

1 box from East Smithfield, Bradford county,
Mrs. E. Farnesworth.
3 boxes from Williamsport Union Ald Society,
E. W. Capron, Secretary.
1 barrel, Ladies' Aid, Cressons, Helen M. Price. Clothing from New Garden Ald Association

Clothing from New Garden Aid Association, Chester county.

1 pkg., Rev. W. H. Borris, Woodbury, N. J. Pillow cases, Union Sewing Association, Miss Julia Lewis.

1 box, Tranton Aid Society, S. B. Johnson, 54 Hanover street, Trenton.

2 boxes, Aid Society, Mount Laurel, N. J., Henrietta H. Borson.

1 barrel and 1 box from Ladies' Aid Society, Honesdale, Pa., Mary P. Haud.

2-boxes, Richmond Aid Society, Crawberd county, Miss C. C. Green, Secretary.

1 barrel, 1 box and 1 keg, Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Pa., Miss E. C. Blackmas.

1 pkg., A. M. Sewing Society, 1513 Spruce street, Phila.

Bocks, Mrs. B. H. Moore.

1 pkg., A. M. Sewing Society, 1512 Spruce street, Phila.

Bocks, Mrs. B. H. Moore.

Socks, Mrs. McAlpine.

12 pillow cases, Union Sewing Association, Miss Julia Lewis.

Clothing and hospital stores, Women's Contributing Aid, Moyamensing, Miss E. H. Haven.

1 box clothing and delicacies.

1000 fans, Church of Holy Trinky, Mrs. Wm.

Bucknell.

Hospital stores and lint, Patriot Daughters of
Litia, Pa.
Pickles, Mrs. Erskine.

1 box, Aid Society, Harisville, Bucks county,

Pa.

1 box, Nittany and Bald Eagle Aid Society,
Ann E. McCormick.

1 box, Flemington, Clinton county, Pa.
Hospital stores, Miss Ann W. Jackson, No.
107 South Twentieth street.

1 package, Miss Dodge.
Clothing, Mrs. S. Hart.

1 box dried fruit, Aid Society, Espy, Columbia
county.

1 box dried fruit, Aid Society, Espy, Columbia sounty.
1 box, East Troy.
1 box, East Troy.
1 box clothing, Mrs. J. L. Lawson.
Clothing, Church of the Atonement, Mrs. De Joursey, 1707 Arch street.
Slippers and socks, a lady.
Bocks, Miss Rodman.
1 barrel apples, Joseph D. Drinker, Montrose,

Pa.

Mrs. Wm. Griffith, 1011 Clinton street.

1 box delicacies, 1 box eggs, Chambersburg, Ladics' Aid Society.

1 box clothing and delicacies, Hospital Aid Society of Darby, Mrs. Bunting.

1 box clothing, Soldiers' Aid Society, Medical, N. J.

1 package shirts, St. Peter's Aid Society. 7 boxes, Miss Mary Agnes Seitzinger, Montomery county.

3 pkgs., Union Industrial Aid Society, Phila

WHOSE PLAN IS IT?-The Washing ton correspondent of the Boston Common-secuth says:—" Before we canonize Grant among the saints that are to save us, let us have some explanation of the blind, unscientific senseless ditch-digging, begun without a plan and for months persisted in, against the remonstrances and almost the commands of the President himself. It is no secret here that Mr. Lincoln claims to have originated the plan on which Grapt is now acting, that he urged it upon him when the warfare by hydraulies was begun, and that Grant steadily refused to adopt it except under explicit orders-which Mr. Lincols, unwilling to discredit so completely the judgment of his generals in the field, always hesitated to give. If we must shout hallelujahs over the plan, before it is proved a success, why not give honor to whom honor is due?"

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Proves its superiority to all other remedies, ! relieving the sufferer of pain, at once. A few minutes is sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its marvellous powers. So swift is its action in soothing the most violent pain, allaying irritation and inflammation, in transforming the rheumatic, the crippled, and bedridden, to the enjoyment of case and comfort, n curing Dysentery, Diarrhea, and all internal and external pains, that patients ascribe its talismanic power to enchantment instead of the plain matter-of-fact results from its skillfully combined properties. Whenever there is pain "Sold by Druggists,"

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CANCE.-Illustrated with engravings of the Roman, Grecian, Indian, Negro, Cele tial, Aqueline, Turn-up, and Pag-Noses, with the character revealed by each. EYES--blue, black, or gray. Lips-thin and pale, or full and red, prim or pouting, scolding or loving. MOUTH—large or small. HAIM—light or dark, coarse or fine, straight or curly. CHERES-thin or plump, pale or colored. TRETH-regular or irregular. EARS-large or small. NECK-long or short. Skin-rough or smooth. All to be amply illustrated with engravings. The walk, talk, laugh and voice, all indicate character. We may know an honest face from a dishonest one, and we will show how. Besides the above, we shall treat on ETHNOLOGY, or the Natural History of Man : of Physiology, and the Laws of Life and Health; of Physics Nowy, or Signs of Character, and how to read them; of Puns-NOLOGY, the Philosophy of Mind; and of Pay-CHOLOGY, the Science of the Soul. Man, with reference to all his relations of life, social, intellectual, and spiritual, and what each can do est, will be elucidated in the PHRENOLOGI-CAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED. New volume commences July 1st. A handsome quarto monthly, at only \$1,50 a year. Sample numbers, 15 cents. Please address FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

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Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty on either; and anything that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt beconsidered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. Perry 40 Bond Street, New York, having devoted his whole time and attention to Discusses of the Skin, will guaranty to remove Moth Pitches, Preckies and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his speciality—Disrasts of the Scale and Loss of Hale—will warrant him in guarantying a Cure in every case. For particulars address, enclosing stamp,

Dis. B. C. PERRY,

my30-13t 49 Bond Street, New York.

O YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHIS-KERS OR MUSTACHES!—My ON-GUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassan St., New York City.

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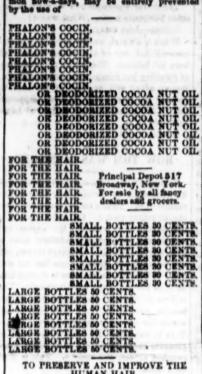
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DB. TOBIAS-Dear Sir: I have used your Ve netian Liniment in my family for a number of years, and believe it to be best article for what it is recommended that I have ever used. For sudden attacks of croup it is invaluable. I have no hesitation in recommending it for all the uses it professes to cure. I have sold it for many years, and it gives entire satisfaction. CHAS. H. TRIMNER.

QUARRATOWN, N. J., May 8, 1858.

Price 25 and 50 cents. Bold by all Druggiets. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. my30 eow3t

PURE BLOOD CURES.

When the bile has not the requisite healthy qualities, we become costive. To restore the bile to a state of health, the blood must be purified. to a state of health, the blood must be purified. You cannot purify the blood but by occasional purgatives, and they should be continued for several days in succession, when there may be a greater less interval of rest. Some persons have used BRANDRETI'S Pills every day in small doses until they become cured of costiveness, which had troubled them for over twenty years. The use of this medicine does not debilitate or require an increase of dose from continued use. They in fact strengthen the bowels as exercise does the arms or legs.

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in cases where no natural action of the bowels had taken place in twenty years, yet these cases were radically cured by Brandreth's Pills.

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GOLD! GOLD!—Full instructions in Ven-T triloquism and how to win the undying love of the opposite sex, sent by mail to any person for 5 cts. Address HANDLEY & JAGGERS,

NOT ALCOHO A BIOMEY CONOMINATOR A PURE TORIC. DR. BOOFLAND'S GERMAN BUTT Are my I now and united dried at the second of the second BS (SC VINI 78 SET LES D' VER VOUS DO TO WANT TO BEEN AND VICOROUS TERS BEY LINE WITCH BROWN P. P. LINE WAS AND THE WAS AND T overman littlers, prepared by lr. C. h. A. (1824), this city, because I was prejudiced against the little of the control was proposed by the city of the control was a control to the city of an acceledate making a made and the city of the control of this city of the control of the city of the control of the city of the control of the city of

Philadelphia, June II, 1981.

PROM THE REY, LOS. H. KENNARD, PARTON
Dr. Joshson-Deer Bit I - I have been frequently requested to connect my name with commerciations of different kinds of medicinos, but, requesting the practice as out of on a sproprinte sphere. I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, gat particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hordhand a German Hitters. I depart for once from my unual course, to apreas my full conviction that for general debeity of the matern, and capacitally for Leve Complaint, it is a safe and catually preparation. In some eases it may fail to those who suffer from the above causes.

Yours, vary respectfully.

Eighth below Content Street, Phila.

Eighth below Conside Brusch, Phila.

FARTI IULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold analyst the name of Ritters, put may preparations sold analyst the name of Ritters, put may preparations sold analyst the name of Ritters, put may preparations sold analyst the name of Ritters, and the sold lives of the challength of the challength of the sold lives, compared to the sold lives of the drunkard, By their was the system to a tente continuously under the analysms of Alexhajes drimmlants of the worst kind, the drive for Liquer is created analysms of the worst kind, the drive for Liquer is created analysms of the worst kind, the drive for Liquer is created analysms of the worst kind, the drive for Liquer is created analysms of which the worst kind, the drive for Liquer is created analysms of the worst kind, the drive for Liquer is created analysms of the worst kind, the drive for Liquer is created analysms, the worst had analysms of the worst who desire and Will. HAYE a Liquer Bitters, we publish the failuring receipt — Get ONE BOTTLE OF HOOPLANDS GERMAN BITTERS and once with THERE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDS ON WILLIAM WILLIAM STATEMENT OF WOODLANDS OF THERE STATEMENT OF THE WAS INCOME. THE WAS IN COUNTY OF THE WAS IN commercian with a GOOD a stricted of Liquer, at a much less price than these inferior preparations well cost you.

ATTENTION, BOLDERS!

AND THE PRIES OF OF SOLDIERS.

We wall the attention of a "SOLDIERS of the agrin of the fact that "Hot PI, AND SOLDIES of the agrin of the fact that "Hot PI, AND SOLDIES of the agree of t

aved by the Bitters: "Pattabel Patta. August 2:d, 1982.
Mgaars. Jones & Evans: Well, gentlemen, you.
Hooffand's fierman Bitters has saved my life. There is no mistake in this, it is vouched for by numbers on yourneless, some of whose names are appended, and who were fully connegant of a like in the property of the pr who were fully conneant of al. the circlinstances of my case. I am, and have been for the last lour years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery and under the immediate command of Captan R. B. Ayres.—Through the exposure attendant open any archinest discovered to the content of the longs, and was to sevenly two days in two no of the Longs, and was to sevenly two days in the hospita. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House and sent to this city on board of the attention State of Maine, from which I landed on the 26th of June. Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be and still retain a spark of vita ity. For a week of more I was consecuted over the sent of the force a moresity of the could not seven keep a glass of water on my stormach. Lefe could not seven keep a glass of water on my stormach. Lefe could not seven keep a glass of water on my stormach. Lefe could not as the ducker these corcumstances; and accordinally the physicians, who had been working faithfully, thought insuccessfully, for rescue me from the grasp of the dread archer, frankly told me they could no make such disposition of my inmited fluads as been stated me. An acquiritions who visited me at Arch Street, advised me, an acquiritions who visited me at Arch Street, advised me, an acquiritions who visited me at Arch Street, advised me, an acquiritions who visited me at Arch Street, advised me, an acquiritions who visited me at Arch Street, advised me, an acquirition of my inmited fluads as been stated me, an acquirition who have beared nothing for eight mental states, and kindy procured a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death recorded, and I am now thank fool for it, estima better. Though I have taken but two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feet sanging of being permitted to region my wife and daughter, from whom I have beared nothing for eight concur in the truth of the above statement and the pounds, and

ANECDOTES.

I have a brother—a was little chap—who mechanic cape, things we think very odd, of the broad a second to his method, and the best around a second to his method, and the "Oh, method, I'm feel of plony one was a method to his speed, and I

Steps When was the most sulf-important song man in my neighborhood. Though an anothing offices to voluntoer, is could it be provailed upon to enlist until fear of a dealt drover him to it. It runs in the lines, family to be dark-aktored, and Biove decidedly the measure to black of all. ed a letter from a little girl of fourteen bich thus mentions Stere:-

re Wilson wrote home that he was not going to fight by the side of a nigger. I don't know why it is, unless he is afraid if he gots mixed up with them he son't be

an of means, and an enthus an, having purchased a country e, began (to the astonish rs) to devote his time to his gun and er a time an old farmer took a favorable mily to make some remarks upon his , that was, in his view, not only pro-but devoid of interest. "If you will for one day go with me," says the sports-men, "I think I can convince you that it is intensely interesting and exciting." The far-mer consumed to do so; and the next mors, mer consumted to do so; and the next more, before daybreak, they wended their way to the hunting-ground. The dogs soon took the scent of a fox and were off, and our two worthies followed, through woods and meslows and over hills, for two or three hour At last the sportsman hears the dogs driving the game in their direction; and soon the pack, in full cry, comes over a hill that had previously shut out the sound. "There! my friend," says the sportsman, "there! did you ever hear such heavenly music as that?" The farmer stopped in an attitude of intense listening for some momenta, and then says, "Wa'al, the fact is, those confounded dogs make such a noise I can't bear the music!" Effort to convert him was im

Passing along one of our thoroughfares a few days since we met a poor soldier, who had lost one of his limbs in a battle, slowly walking on his crutches. A friend meeting

"I say, Jim, how is it that you went away with two legs and came back with three?"

"Oh, bedad, I made fifty per cent. on it?" was the reply.

The eccentric Judge Natal has lately died eaving as many personal friends to regret oss as any man probably ever did. As a judge he was singularly out of place; but in private life he was so good-hearted and exemplary that his most determined opposents could not help but love him.

A boy of fourteen or fifteen had been in dicted for passing counterfeit money. He was in all likelihood guilty; but his appearance and manner were very prepose and at once won the judge's warmest sym-pathy. The latter set on foot a subscription ng the lawyers and officers of the court and then calling the prisoner before him, addressed him as follows :- " Now, my son, you say that your father lives in Ohio?"
"Yes, sir." "Well, if I let you go home will you promise me to come back next spring and stand your trial?" "Yes, sir." "Very well. Mr. Jones has got some money for you; and you must be sure and come back pert term and be sent to the Peniten tiary, like a good boy !"

It need not be said that the young rogue of his books." went, but did not come up to time as he had

The California Second is now stationed at Fort Lyon, awaiting orders for the states or America, as the boys say. The officer in nd of the fort has an exquisite daughter, who occasionally attends her father at review. She has a peculiar pronunciation which was more common in peaceful times. Wishing to see the boys perform the doublequick, she says, "Pa, please make them feet." Accordingly the old gentleman made the boys twee for the benefit of the fair one

A city situated in Massachusetts, on the banks of the Merrimac, is always blessed with a score of aspirants for the Mayoralty, and some of them are ever on the gwi size for an opportunity to immortalise themselves by a speech. Not long since one of these worthies attended the funeral of a sol-dier who had died in the service of his country, and whose remains were brought home mt. Our orstor thought the long for opportunity had arrived to de-impressive address, and, carefully liver on impressive address, and, carefully preparing himself for the task, he attended ral, which was a private one.

Just us the mourants were short to re-tere the remains from the residence of the well, our center, after wining his eyes two refers times with a large white handler-ing time addressed the Mayor and rela-tered the despect.

"Mr. Mayor and friends of the deceased:is a solemn and impressive occasion freezand who list have below us in this

beautiful cellin, did not the of secunds re-ceived in battle, but by—by—by death."
Having relieved himself of this elequent speech, our craine sat down, fully satisfied that he had immertalized himself and se-cured the nomination se the candidate for he next maper.—Herper's Mapasi

RATHER BIBLICAL

Some young ladies who had been atter ing an evening party, desired to return home, but had no male attendant. The ster of the house requested his son to ac-spany them, and made use of a Scripture ma. What was it?"

Jerry bean 'em Jerry proving reluctant, the gentleman desired another son to act as escort. What oripture name did he utter? Lemusi-Lem you will.

Still there was a difficulty, and a like request was made in a similar manner to another son. What was it? Samuel-Sam you will,

Sam having consented, the parties took their seats in a sleigh for the purpose of going home. It was found there was plenty of room for one more. What Scripture nam did the old gentleman use to induce anothe son to accompany the guests?

Benjamin.—Ben jam in.

The driver was requested to start in an other Scripture name. What was it? Joshus-Josh away.

When the sleigh was fairly off, it was discovered that one of the young ladies had been left behind. There was no possibility of recalling her companions, so the old gen-tleman asked still another of his sons to onsole the young lady for her disappoint nent. What was the last Scriptural thus used?

Ebenezer-Eben esse her.

HOW TOM WAS MANAGED.

Tom is a trial. Tom in school gets through his geography by boring a hole through the middle of ft. That is his royal road to learning, or rather past it. He melts up all the lak-stands into bullets. He curses and swears, and says that the minister talks in that way on Sunday. He plays truant, gets into trouble, and when he can lies his way out. When the teacher tries to correct him, he bites her and kicks her alternately. This is Tem at school. He lounges the streets insults passengers, and goes down and stones the school-house windows. This is Fom in vacation. He takes other boys on leasure excursions, such as stealing pears, eaches, apples, and melons. This is Tom on a farm.

The other day Tom's father called upon the school committee, looking much like an injured and persecuted man. Mark this: if a boy lies every day worse than Annanias and Sapphira, especially if it is about the school, and his mother believes it, of course his father will. So in comes Mr. Skinner, the injured father. "My son has been turned out of school.

"Nothing in the world but missing a

"Indeed! how do you ascertain that?" "He says so, and all the other children

"All the other children" were two or three smaller ones, who had to be Tom's echoes under penalty of standing inverted.

"Now, Mr. Skinner, I know a little Tom's antecedent probabilities. I was the school two or three days ago, and he didn't spell but one word right, and that one he guessed at. He won't study, and he seldom answers a question rightly, except by socident."

"Why, sir, he says he's got through most

"Yes, sir, he gets through his books as a worm gets through an apple, or a rat gets through a meal-chest. He digs through

with his jack-knife." " Well, I ain't unreasonable. I'm willing Tom should be punished, but his mother don't want him turned out of school. We want him to have a good education. The teacher can whip him when it is neces-

"You seem to think, sir, it must be a great privilege to whip your boy. It strikes me that that is asking a great deal of a young lady, and such little jobs as those you oug to do yourself. Parents are bound to send their children to the school-room in such condition that they will neither kick nor bite; and if they neglect this duty, they

ought to forfelt their privileges." Mr. Skinner went home with new views. But for Tom's sake I did not let the matte rest there. I gave a prescription which I thought suited exactly to Tom's case, and which I have never known to fall; and as it works with boys of the Tom Skinner school as charmingly as Rarey's does with wild horses, I give it for the benefit of all

parents and school committees, thus:-"Take Tom out of school for one week; don't leave him any leisure wherein to torment the cat or stone the neighbor's hens; take him out into the field, make him work at your side from morning until evening, so



A DUET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

EMILY (sotto voce).-" My goodness, Edith, what shall I do?-my nose itches so ireadfully, and we are coming to the most difficult part."

ion, at the end of which time you may reasonably expect all the bad spirits worked out of him at the rate of one devil per day. Then let him go back to the school, and if the evil possession comes again, repeat the exorcism until the cure is fectual and complete.

Tom is now under this regimen. It works beautifully, and I am persuaded we shall have a new and better edition both of Tom at school and of Tom on a farm - Teachers Journal.

LIFE'S GOLDEN PERIODS.

I envy not the man who can look on the open countenance of the true-hearted boy, the fair and delicate face of girlhood, with those pensive eyes and long golden hair, and not call to mind his own by gone years, nor seek to read for those untried spirits what is written for them in the book of daily life, Were I to try-to feel like him, I should not ucceed; for I regard the young man with ptense sympathy. Remembering them most vividly, as I do, when I was one of them, and recollecting the upward feeling where with I used to regard the full grown, I can not help now shaping my thoughts downvards, and becoming one with them again. It may be that we do not give in this world sufficient individuality to each with whom we mix. The selfish feeling of mankind, the world one thing, and ourselves the other. closes the heart against all the gentler sympathies; and the apprehension of childie ness, and its imputation to us, prevents ou entering into their little feelings, and giving them their due weight and importan

Yet who remembers not the days of his childhood? What traveller ever in the midst of tollsome and busy years, when manpointment taught him to rejoice no more or earth, did not turn his eye backward to his father's manly welcome, the tender reception from his mother, his young sister's pro trusting in him, his happy home, whither ne care or sorrow could pursue him-the family hearth was a sanctuary, and there he wa

gaze on the fair hair of the young, and eyes that looked no evil, have I in my heart shed lears that such whiteness of soul was no onger my own-bitter tears of repentance but ineffectual ones likewise, for they we the lament of what had long since depa The fruit had long since been tasted, and the paradise of primeval harmlessness wa from forever.

Agricultural.

BEST BREED OF SHEEP.

I am aware that there is a great diversity of opinion among farmers in reference this subject, but I think a caudid estimate based upon facts, with the application of figures, will readily convince the med fasti-

We will first consider the Merinos, which are all the rage in many parts of the New England States, New York, and some por-tions of Canada. A flock of Merinos, weighbe considered a very superior lot, and would the surface with a harrow, and give a dress probably clip eight pounds of wool per head ing of old manure, scattering the seed where at the age of two years, which, selling at it is wanted.

fifty cents per pound, would amount to four A young o dollars per head. At this estimate, the an- ed safely, but it absolutely requires cultivanual wool clip of 100 ewes would amount to

many saved as there were ewes-these selling at the market price in the fall of the year, (two dollars apiece,) would bring \$300, which added to \$400 would make \$600 the annual income from a flock of 100 Merino ewes. But this result could not be obtained except with a very superior flock, with the best possible management.

The same sheep at the age of five years well fitted for market, (and I might here add that no sheep should ever be kept longer than to this age,) would realize to the owner about \$5 each. Thus an individual acquainted with the management of flocks. with proper location, might realize from a flock of 100 ewes to start with, the sum of \$2,300 in the space of three years time, as

as Cotswolds, Leicester, Oxford-Downs, &c. The average weight of a superior lot of Canadian sheep of either of these breeds, would be about 160 pounds. Such a flock at the age of two years, would clip about ten pounds per head, which, under existing circumstances, would sell for as much as the finest quality of Merino wool, say fifty cents per pound, or \$5 per head, or \$500 for a flock of 100 long-wooled sheep. As these sheep are very hardy, great feeders, great milkers, and very prolific, it is not a high estimate to count 125 lambs to 100 ewes—these selling at the market price in the fall, for mutton purposes, would readily bring \$3 per head or \$375 for the lambs, which added to \$500 makes the sum \$875 per annum the incom from one hundred long-wooled sheep. But as of the Merinos, the exercise of the greatest possible skill and care of management them, to obtain this result, is required. I think but very few do it in either case; still it can be done, and has been to my persona knowledge, although on not so large a scale

But, says one in favor of Merino sheep although you have shown the income from the long-wooled sheep to be about one-third more than the other, still I claim that the cost of keeping is full one-third more than that of the Merinos. Admitted. Then we are even? Denied for this reason—the longwools when well fitted for market, will sel The innocence of childhood, consisting, as it is does in the ignorance of cvil, is for me the fact that the flesh is of a superior quality; rate oven.

The following sauce is very good to establish the first sale over the following sauce is very good to establish the first sale over the following sauce is very good to establish the first sale over the following sauce is very good to establish the first sale over the following sauce is very good to establish the first sale over the following sauce is very good to establish the first sale over the first sale ove dream of Heaven. Alas! how often when I cattle, invariably sell for extra fat prices. on Cape May Pudding -- 1; lbs. of butter Therefore, the figures show a heavy balance classes of which I will write hereafter. They are not entitled to the same merits: how ever, they are all hardy, with strong constitutions, and attain great size when properly fed in winter and grazed in summer.— F. E. W., in Country Gentleman,

CULTIVATING ORCHARDS.

It is a question much discussed of late whether or no orchards should be ploughed and manured and cropped. We have seen orchards, both old and young, cultivated to their injury. If an old orchard is ploughed deep, it is quite sure to tear up and break the roots; and this will be followed by blight and stunted growth. If a young or chard is ploughed carelessly, not only will the roots of trees be injured, but the bark will be bruised by the whiffletrees, and the trees themselves be gnawed and trampled on by the horses. An old orchard can be ploughed shallow, and little harm come from it; but as a general rule, the plough should be kept outside of its boundaries. If the ing on an average 100 pounds each, would land needs enriching and re-seeding, scarify

A young orchard not only can be plough tion. One might about as well throw his that he will be sure to sleep o' nights; never \$400. Now, allowing extraordinary good young trees into the street at first as to set strike him or whip him; work him six days luck in rearing lambs, there might be as

remain. Perhaps most of them will manu-to live, but they cannot theire. Plough th land properly, manage it well, keep the sur-face hoed clean of weeds and grass for six fact around every tree, and it will make more progress in one year than a grass bound tree would in three or four. This is so mere speculation; the experience of every year proves it. As the trees become large, and the roots ramify, let the plough be gra-dually withdrawn.—American Apriculturies.

PREVENTION OF "CREMENO" IN HOME —I found myself cheuted to the amount of \$50 by the purchase of a horse sold as "sound," but which proved to be an invete-I have found a preventive, if not a cure. I have arranged the stall so as to leave no thing against which he can press his teeth. He is fed from a low box which is pushed into the stall from a passage-way, and the box is withdrawn when not in use. (It is said that a horse can not crib with his head down.) The opening for air and light is placed too high for him to reach it, to crib against its sides. Since adopting the above arrangement, the horse has improved in condition and spirit, and his value is also nuch increased -American Agriculturist.

Useful Receipts.

A SURB RULE FOR COOKING EGGS .- Put them into cold water, when the water boils take out your eggs, and they will be found "just right," unless you require them boiled hard. If so, let them cook for half an hour, and they digest much easier, and will be found more palatable than the waxy-like eggs generally brought on for hard boiled.

RHUBARB WINE POR SICK SOLDIERA. Dr. M. M. Marsh, Inspector of the U. S. Sanitary Commission for the Department of the South, has given to Rev. R. G. Williams, Delegate of the U. S. Christian Commission, a receipt for making rhubarb wine which he says is the best remedy for dysen tery and diarrhea as yet known. As ther complaints are very common among our soldiers, and in the South quite apt to come chronic and fatal, it is hoped the friends of the soldiers will make up a good supply for their use, and forward it to the Sanitary Commission, or to hospital sur-geons. The following is the recipe:—Peel and alice the stock of the leaf as for pies: put a very small quantity of water in the vessel, only just enough to cover the bottom; cover the vessel and gradually bring to a slight boil; then strain, pressing out all the liquid; to this liquid add an equal quantity of water; to each gallon (after mixed) add four to five pounds of brown sugar, set aside, ferment and skim like currant wine; leave in the cask and in bulk as long as possible before sending away. All wine is better kept in casks — Exchange.

To KEEP BUTTER SWEET,-In May or June, when butter is plenty, work it tho roughly two or three times, and add at the last working nearly one grain of saltpets and a teaspoonful of pulverised loaf suga to each pound of butter. Pack it tightly in tone jars to within two inches of the top. and fill the remaining space with strong brice. Cover the jars tightly and bury them in the cellar bottom, where the butter will keep unhurt for a long time.

CAPE MAY PUDDING,-Take 8 table poonfuls of flour sifted, I quart of new milk, 8 eggs; if you have cream, it is very nice to use part cream with the milk, but is good with the milk alone. Mix the flour with a part of the milk and beat it very smoot then add the rest of the milk with a little salt, a saltspoon part full, beat the yolk and white separately, add the white just as you are ready to put it in the oven; bake from half to three-quarters of an hour in a mode

and | lb. sugar. Beat the butter to a cream in favor of long-wool breeds, of the different then add the sugar, next a teacupful of wine, or more, if the butter and sugar will take it. You can flavor with what you like, vanilla, lemon, or nutmeg.-German town Telegraph.

FISH AS FOOD.

There is much nourishment in fish, little less than butcher's meat, weight for weight; and in effect it may be more nourishing. considering how, from its soft fibre, fish is nore easily digested. Moreover, there is in ance which does not exist in the flesh of land animals, viz.: iodine-s substance which may have a beneficial effect on the health, and tend to prevent the production of scrofulous and tubercular discase, the latter in the form of pulmonary consumption, one of the most cruel and fatal with which the civilized, the highlyducated and refined are afflicted. Con parative trials prove that, in the majority fish, the proportion of solid matterthe matter which remains after perfect desi cation, or the expulsion of the squeous part -is little inferior to the several kinds of butcher's mest, game or poultry. And if we give attention to classes of people class-ed as to the quality of food they principally subsist on, we find that the ichthyophagu class are especially strong, healthy and pro-lific. In no class than that of fishers do we see larger families, handsomer women, more robust and active men, or a greater exemp-tion from maladies.

The Riddler.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAT BY mond of 95 letters. My 28, 28, 18, 4, is a river in the United ma My 11, 7, 16, 26, 20, 8, 21 a river in Oats.

1, 6, 2, 6, 8, is a river in one of the

95, 19, 10, 18, 95, 10, is a river in 11, 4, 12, 95, 90, 8, 9, is an luis 28, 31, 90, 6, is a sea in .

15, 4, 8, 11, 24, 7, 9, is an island in

Mediterranean Sea. My whole is the name and place of of a distinguished Federal General. Kenton, Ohio. E. M. BERGSTREE

DOUBLE REDUC.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING A poisonous serpent. A city of Belgium.

An United States coin. A celebrated city of France. A town of European Turkey.

A district. One of the months.

An emperor of Rome. An animal of New Holland.

A small boat. One of the Sandwich Isles. A river of the Netherlands. My initials spell the name of a great man;

my finals the rank he held. JOB. B. BOSS, Jr. Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POR I am composed of 6 letters. Omit my first, and I am a useful article, used by ladies in sewing.

Omit 1st and 6th, and transpose, celebrated and ancient city in Europe nit my 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th and 6th, and I am a Omit my 1st and 3rd, and transpose, and I gent

of the past.
Omit my 1st and 6th, and transpose, and I to

My whole is one of the most useful i It triumphs over distance, change, and the; keeps ever blooming, the flowers which brigh-ened the green spots of early days, and who deprived of those we love by death, it is to greatest consolation left to surviving friends.

CHARADE.

My first is a name often given to Ssian; My second is an interjection; My third is a name often given to girls; My whole was a ruler in Europe

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POR There is a tree that is 32 feet to a fork, and i feet in diameter at the butt, and tapers and ormly to within 2 feet of the fork where it own off and is 1,5 feet in diameter. What i he solidity of the tree, supposing the ranch of the fork, is to the solidity of the as 3 is to 7, and, the other as 2 is to 5 pm branches of the fork being split apart? Mount Carroll, Ill.

An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM. WRITERW POR THE SATISTAN SVENTER POST.

I have two numbers; the sum of their squares is 13; the sum of their squares is 472. What are the numbers? Capt. L. B. CHESTER

An answer is requested.

CONUNDAUMS.

Why is it expensive to keep pigeon! -Because you must have a ho (house made) specially for then What two letters are the most disagree to ladies? Ans.-D K.

Can a drunken Prussian be considered white man? Ans,-Certainly not, he's a Pre-Why are the Marys the most amb their sex? Ans.—Because they can always

Mollyfied. ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA .- "The ID

tory of the Present War." CHARADE-A siz (gos as ass.)

Answers given to Homer's PROBLEM po-lished May 2nd, are—34.325 feet; R. Harsty, Baltimore. 34.575 feet; George H. Barry, Racine Co., Wis., and Thomas W. Purcel, In rion Co., Ill. 34%; O. H. Rockwell, Gardy Valley, Pa.; A. Martin, Venango Co., Pa.; John A. Ewalt, Trumbull Co., Obio.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLES published May 2nd. Deviation of plumb in 11 min. 30,76 sec. E. Hagerty, Baltimore.

Answer to Joe Mausy PROBLEM published May 9th. 9 o'clock, A. M. E. Hagerty, Balt-more; P. E. P., Montreal; Nelson E. Williamit Co., Ohio; O. H. Rockwell, Gray't Valley, Pa.; John A. Ewalt, Ohio; A. Martin, Pa.

We think D. S. Hart will find the Proas mentioned all answered.—Ed. Riddle.

Answer to the question of Daniel Diese bach's "PROBLEM OF PURSUIT." "To length or distance of the Spider's path in the pursuit" is 43 inches, being the diameter the semi-circle. The curve is a right limit.

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THE SA

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A SPLES per 83 we Tun Post, Any personames at pers for a Ci Bulmeribe menty-siz Non, as we REMITTAL

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when a tall way, and ca "I believe ing that I ad In his pan ped a small feer had take loss of his s he recognize man who he to work evil terrible ill c

the first mon "I have be days past," have been to ask if you h of the late Jo

of his son." "Yes," sta

reat fear he which had - b orrent of an